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Abraham Lincoln's Contemporaries

George Washington

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

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Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
.....
Mother of States & undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a Country giving him.

J. H. Lowell.

From "Under the old Elm" a poem
read in 1876 on the spot where
Washington took command of the
American army a century before.



BARON STEUBEN. GOV. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR. SECRETARY SAMUEL A. OTIS. ROGER SHERMAN. GOV. GEORGE CLINTON.
 CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON. GEORGE WASHINGTON. JOHN ADAMS. GEN'L HENRY KNOX.

WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT,

APRIL 30, 1789, ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT TREASURY BUILDING, WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII.

APRIL, 1889.

No. 6.

THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.



THE BIBLE UPON WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH AS PRESIDENT. (COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY ST. JOHN'S LODGE NO. 1, NEW YORK CITY.)

THE requisite number of States having adopted the Constitution, Congress reported an act for putting the new Government into operation. It was decided that presidential electors should be chosen on the first Wednesday in January of 1789, that the electors should choose a President on the first Wednesday in February, and that the two Houses of Congress should assemble in New York on the first Wednesday in March. The last days of the old Congress were now numbered. It had been kept barely alive during the winter of 1788-89—sometimes less than half a dozen members being in the city. In fact, the last real meeting had taken place October 10, 1788. It was indeed a

Rump Congress. After the 1st of January there was never a quorum present.

At sunset on the evening of March 3 the old Confederation was fired out by thirteen guns from the fort opposite Bowling Green in New York, and on Wednesday, the 4th, the new era was ushered in by the firing of eleven guns in honor of the eleven States that had adopted the Constitution. The States of Rhode Island and North Carolina were now severed from the American Union and were as independent of each other as England and France.

Not only were guns fired and bells rung on the morning of March 4, but at noon and at sunset eleven more guns were fired and the bells were rung for an hour. The citizens of New York were happy. The new Constitution was considered a "sheet anchor of Commerce and prop of Freedom," and it was thought that "Congress would again thrive, the farmer meet immediately a ready market for his produce, manufactures flourish, and peace and prosperity adorn our land." "After a long night of political apprehension" was at length seen "the dawn of national happiness."

But where was the expected quorum? Only eight senators and thirteen representatives put in an appearance at 12 o'clock, the hour of meeting. The senators from New Hampshire were

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John Langdon and Paine Wingate. Langdon was forty-eight years old and was made president of the Senate till the arrival of John Adams. He had been a member of the Continental Congress and of the Constitutional Convention and a governor of New Hampshire. A Revolutionary patriot, he had pledged his plate and the proceeds of seventy hogsheads of tobacco to render possible General Stark's victory at Bennington. Paine Wingate was fifty, a graduate of Harvard, a Congregational minister, and a member of the old Congress. His letters from New York to his brother-in-law Timothy Pickering show him to have been a patriotic statesman. He survived all of the United States senators of 1789. Langdon left Portsmouth on the 16th of February, and after being escorted out of town several miles, where a collation was served, he proceeded on his journey to New York. Four days later he and Wingate passed through Worcester.

The only senator from Massachusetts present at the opening of Congress was Caleb Strong, forty-four years old, graduate of Harvard College, lawyer, member of the Massachusetts legislature during the Revolution, member of the great convention of 1787, afterwards eight years United States senator and ten years governor of the old Commonwealth. When he left his home at Northampton to go to New York his neighbors appeared before his door at sunrise and escorted him in sleighs to Springfield. Tristram Dalton, the other senator from Massachusetts, was also a Harvard graduate, fifty-one years of age, and a lawyer. He was prevented by illness from leaving home until early in April of 1789. He represented Massachusetts in the Senate nearly two years and was succeeded in 1791 by George Cabot.

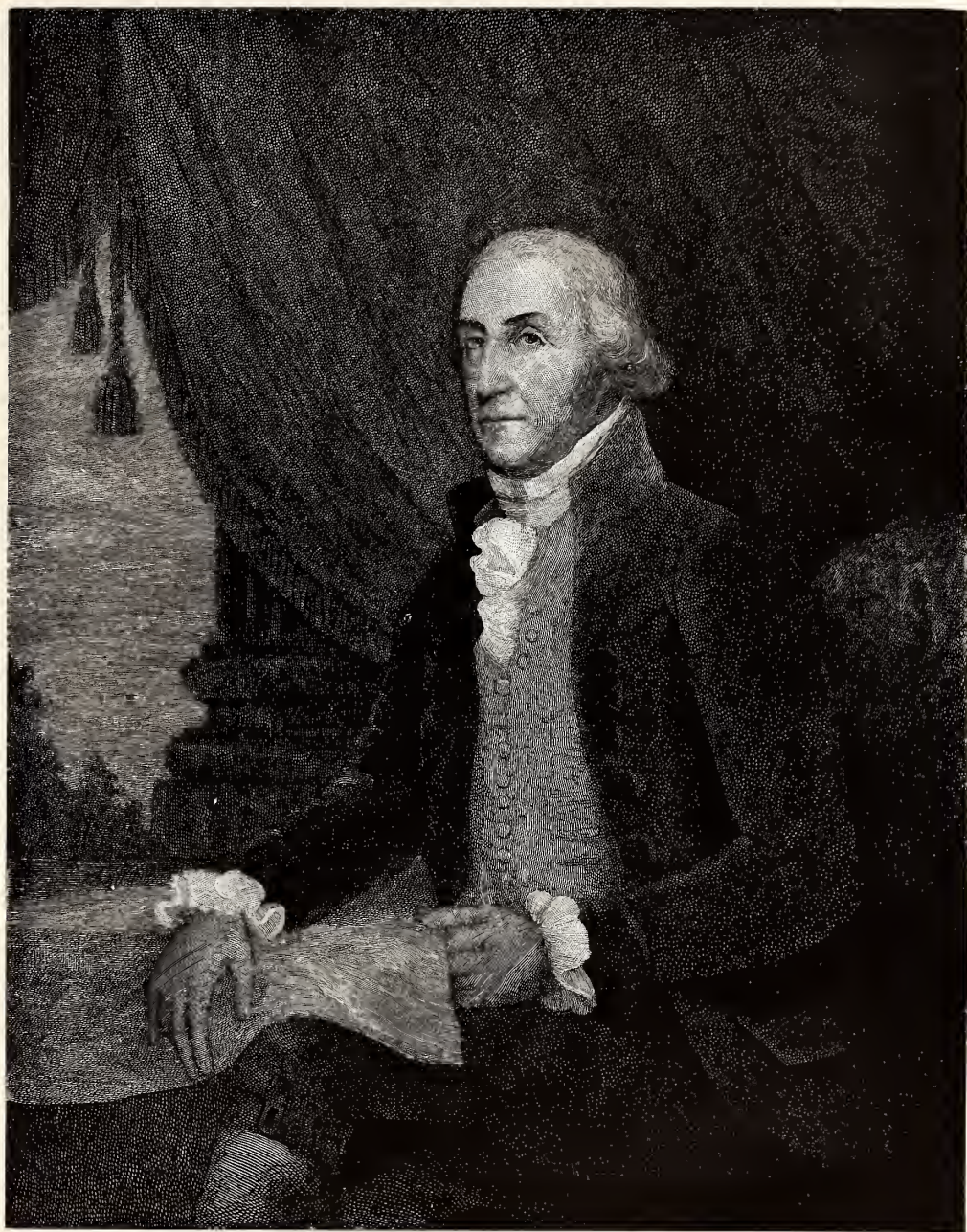
Connecticut's two senators, William Samuel Johnson and Oliver Ellsworth, were both present at the opening of Congress. Johnson was sixty-one, a graduate of Yale and a brilliant scholar, lawyer, and orator. As a representative of Connecticut in the Convention of the Colonies in New York in 1765, he wrote most of the Remonstrance against the Parliament of Great Britain. In 1766 he represented Connecticut in England, where he received from the University of Oxford the degree of Doctor of Laws. While a member of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia he first proposed the organization of the Senate as a distinct body. While senator of the United States he held the position of President of Columbia College and presided at the annual Commencement of the college in St. Paul's Church a week after the inauguration of Washington. Oliver Ellsworth, a student at Yale and a graduate of Princeton, a lawyer of forty-three, a member of the Continental Congress, one of the framers

of the Constitution, and later Chief-Justice of the United States, was a gentleman remarkable for his intellectual gifts and absolute purity of character. John Adams called him the firmest pillar of Washington's whole administration. He organized the judiciary of the United States.

The sixth senator present was Robert Morris of Pennsylvania, fifty-six years old, a signer of the Declaration, a framer of the Constitution. During the Revolution and the years immediately succeeding it his services in rendering financial aid to the Government were invaluable. "I want money," said Morris during the war to a Quaker friend, "for the use of the army." "What security can thee give?" asked the lender. "My note and my honor," responded Morris. "Robert, thee shall have it," was the prompt reply. Morris's colleague in the Senate was William Maclay. He was born in Pennsylvania, was fifty-two, and had married a daughter of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg. He was a lawyer and held various offices of trust in the State of Pennsylvania. But he is best known for his "Sketches of Debate," one of the few books that give an insight into the character of the Congress of 1789.

The only Southern State represented in the Senate at the opening of Congress was Georgia, in the person of William Few, a man of forty-one, a Revolutionary officer, a delegate to the Continental Congress, and a member of the Federal Convention.

Of the thirteen members of the House present, the delegations from Massachusetts and Connecticut were the most distinguished: George Thacher, Fisher Ames, George Leonard, Elbridge Gerry, Benjamin Huntington, Jonathan Trumbull, and Jeremiah Wadsworth. George Thacher, a Harvard man of thirty-five, had been a member of the old Congress. Fisher Ames entered Harvard College when twelve years old and the first Congress under the Constitution at thirty-one. He was the brilliant orator and leader in debate. George Leonard graduated from Harvard and was sixty years old. Elbridge Gerry, a Harvard graduate of forty-five, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Constitutional Convention, later an ambassador to France, governor of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States, was listened to with the utmost confidence in the Congress of 1789 when he spoke on the great financial questions of the day. Benjamin Huntington was a Yale man of fifty-three and a member of the old Congress. Jeremiah Wadsworth had also been a member of the Continental Congress. Jonathan Trumbull was a graduate of Harvard College, was forty-nine years old, had a good record in the Revo-



[This portrait was painted by the artist Joseph Wright during Washington's first administration and was exhibited in the New York Museum, or GardnerBaker's Museum, as it was called after 1795. After the death of Gardner Baker, in 1798, the picture came into the possession of a creditor, John Bailey, in whose family it remained for three generations, until bought in 1887 by Clarence Winthrop Bowen of Brooklyn. The portrait represents Washington in civil dress as President of the United States, with the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati on his coat and with one hand resting on the plan of

the future city of Washington. An engraving of a portrait of Washington by the same artist, called the "Powel portrait," appeared in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for November, 1887. Wright painted other portraits of Washington, one for the Count de Solms's gallery of military heroes in Europe, another which belongs to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and another owned by Mrs. Biddle of Philadelphia. Wright's portraits, though unideal, have always been pronounced faithful likenesses. He never flattered. Wright was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1756, and died in Philadelphia, in 1793.]

lution, was the son of the old war governor "Brother Jonathan," and became Speaker of the House, United States senator, and governor of his native State. Of Pennsylvania's four representatives present Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, president of the State convention of Pennsylvania which ratified the Constitution, was thirty-nine and was soon to be elected the first Speaker. His brother, Peter Muhlenberg, was forty-three, was ordained in England by the Bishop of London, and at the end of the Revolution was a major-general. Thomas Hartley of Pennsylvania, a colonel in the Revolution and a lawyer; Daniel Hiester, also of Pennsylvania; Alexander White of Virginia, a member of the Continental Congress; and Thomas Tudor Tucker of South Carolina, likewise a delegate of the old Congress, completed the list of representatives in their seats at the opening of Congress.

The Senate waited from day to day for more members to appear, and on the 11th of March addressed a circular letter to the absentees, urging their immediate presence in New York. A similar summons was sent out a week later. The first senator to respond was William Paterson of New Jersey, forty-four years old, a graduate of Princeton College, a lawyer, a governor of his State for three years, and afterwards for thirteen years one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia he was the author of the New Jersey plan for the preservation of the sovereignty of the States in the new Government. On the 21st of March, or two days after Paterson's arrival, Richard Bassett of Delaware took his seat in the Senate. A member of the Continental Congress, of the Annapolis Convention, of the Constitutional Convention, he afterwards became Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas and governor of his native State. He was the great-grandfather of Thomas F. Bayard. Jonathan Elmer of New Jersey, forty-four years old, and an eminent physician, was prevented by illness from taking his seat in the Senate until the 28th of March. Before leaving home a banquet was given him by the gentlemen of his county.

Though Richard Henry Lee of Virginia left Baltimore March 2 he did not arrive in New

York until Sunday, April 5, so difficult was the traveling. In fact, the great quantity of ice in the rivers to the southward of New York made the passage of boats across them dangerous, and was one of the reasons for the tardiness of gentlemen from the South. Indeed, a congressman was obliged to go nearly a hundred miles up one of the rivers before he could cross on the ice. Lee's arrival in Congress was notable for two things: because he

was the twelfth senator—enough to make a quorum—and because he was a man of the greatest distinction. He was fifty-seven years old. He received a classical education in England. As a member of the House of Burgesses he made a brilliant speech opposing the institution of slavery. He became famous in 1766 under the leadership of Patrick Henry. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1774. In 1775, as chairman of the committee, he drew up the commission and instructions to George Washington as Commander-in-Chief.

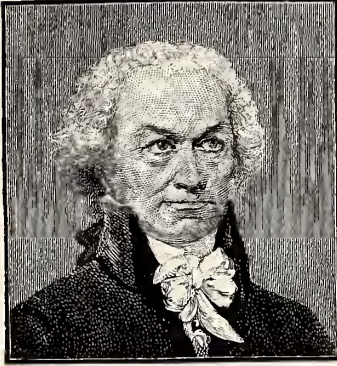


ELBRIDGE GERRY. (FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF ELBRIDGE T. GERRY OF NEW YORK.)

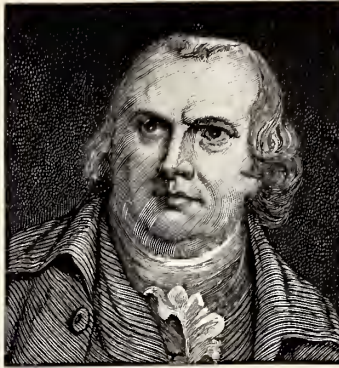
In 1776 he moved the great Declaration of Independence. He afterwards signed the Articles of Confederation. He was president of one of the Continental Congresses and served on all the important committees in most of the other Congresses under the Confederation. He was not a member of the Convention in Philadelphia in 1787, and he was opposed to the Constitution of the United States because he thought it would destroy the independence of the States. But it was a noble patriotism that inspired him to accept the position of senator, and he introduced certain amendments to the Constitution that seemed to remove much of the threatened danger.

Meanwhile the House of Representatives had likewise formed a quorum. Of the 59 members 17 were needed besides the 13 present on the first day to make the required quorum of 30. Let us look at these seventeen.

On the day after the opening Nicholas Gilman of New Hampshire, Benjamin Goodhue of Massachusetts, Roger Sherman and Jonathan Sturges of Connecticut, and Henry Wynkoop of Pennsylvania made their appearance. Gilman had been in the old Congress the two previous years and was only twenty-seven—



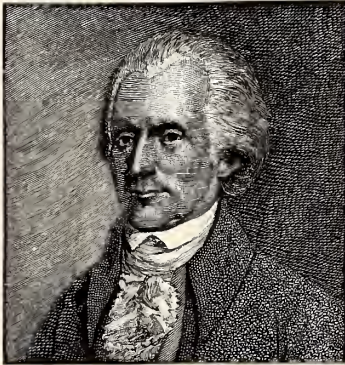
OLIVER ELLSWORTH.
(FROM A MINIATURE BY TRUMBULL IN
THE YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.)



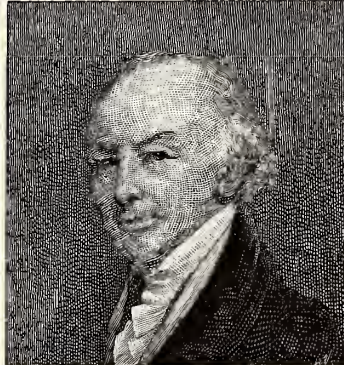
ROBERT MORRIS.
(FROM "THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT
GALLERY," PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK.)



FISHER AMES.
(FROM "THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT
GALLERY.")



RICHARD HENRY LEE.
(FROM A PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION
OF DR. T. A. EMMET.)



SAMUEL A. OTIS.
(FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF
DR. T. A. EMMET.)



ELIAS BOUDINOT.
(FROM DURAND'S ENGRAVING OF A PAINT-
ING BY WALDO AND JEWETT.)

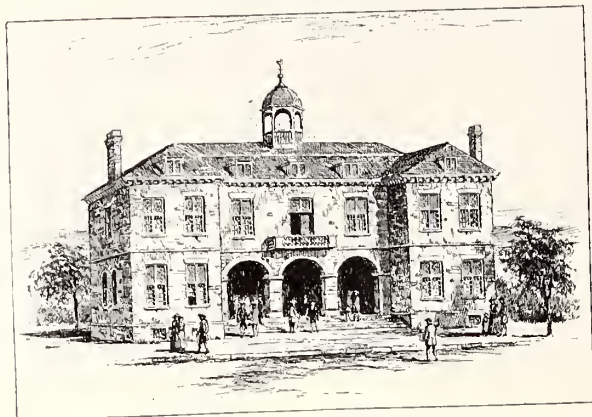
the youngest member present. Goodhue, a Harvard man of forty-one, represented the Essex District, and was afterwards United States senator. Roger Sherman of New Haven began life as a shoemaker, and was sixty-eight years old. He was the only man who had signed the four great state papers of his day—the Articles of Association of the Congress of 1774, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States. Wynkoop and Sturges, the latter a Yale man of forty-nine, had both been in the old Congress.

On Saturday, March 14, three Virginians—James Madison, John Page, and Richard Bland Lee—took their seats in the House. The most notable of them all—in fact, the leader of the House—was James Madison, a Princeton graduate of thirty-eight. The services he rendered in the formation of the Constitution of the United States can never be forgotten. Patrick Henry had kept him out of the Senate, but he was of more value to the country where he now was. A week after the organization of the

House he introduced a resolution regarding the revenue, in order to rescue "the trade of the country in some degree," he said, "from its present anarchy."

Following Madison came straggling into the House through the remainder of the month other members in the following order: Andrew Moore of Virginia, Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, William Smith of Maryland, Josiah Parker of Virginia, George Gale of Maryland, Theodorick Bland of Virginia, James Schureman of New Jersey, and Thomas Scott of Pennsylvania. The most distinguished of them all was Elias Boudinot, forty-nine years old, Commissary-General of the prisoners during the Revolution, one of the presidents of the old Congress, and widely known at the beginning of the present century as a philanthropist and the President of the American Bible Society.

On Wednesday, the 1st of April, the House of Representatives formed a quorum and immediately proceeded to the transaction of business, the most important of which was the counting



OLD CITY HALL, WALL STREET, 1776. (FROM "VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

of electoral votes for President and Vice-President of the United States.¹ George Washington of Virginia was the unanimous choice for President, having received sixty-nine, or the total number of votes cast. The next highest number, or thirty-four votes, were cast for John Adams of Massachusetts, and he was declared elected Vice-President of the United States. The electoral votes of ten States only were cast for the first President and Vice-President. North Carolina and Rhode Island, as has been before stated, would not ratify the Constitution. New York, owing chiefly to Governor Clinton's Anti-Federalism, had neglected to appoint Federal electors. None of New York's representatives were in the House at the counting of the electoral votes, nor were her senators in their seats at the time of the inauguration. The State Senate of New York appointed in January General Philip Schuyler and Robert Yates as senators, but the Assembly would not agree, and in July James Duane was substituted for Yates. Finally Philip Schuyler and Rufus King were elected to represent the State of New York in the Senate.

Only one man was thought of to carry the notice of election to Mount Vernon, and he was Charles Thomson. Several messengers were suggested to go to Braintree in Massachusetts, the home of the Vice-President; but the question was left to the Senate, who selected Syl-

1 April 6.

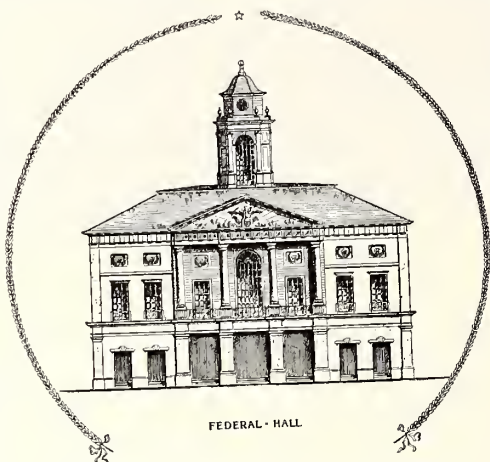
vanus Bourne, "a young man of handsome abilities."

While these gentlemen are on their way let us look at the new Federal Hall occupied by Congress. The building stood on historic ground. The Common Council of New York presented a petition to the provincial authorities in 1699 asking that the old fortifications on Wall street and the bastions which had been erected upon them might be torn down in order that a new City Hall could be speedily built. The stones from the bastions were immediately appropriated in building the second City Hall of New York. On Broad street, nearly opposite, stood the whipping-post,

cage, and pillory. Up to the end of the last century the old City Hall was the center of political life. The building served as the municipal and Colonial Court House, the debtors' and county jail, and the capitol of the province. It also contained the public library. Here in 1735,

at the trial of John Zenger, was established the freedom of the American press. The protest against the Stamp Act was here made in 1765, and on the same spot was also read to the people of New York, in 1776, the Declaration of Independence. The Continental Congress sat here. Here, in the last years of the old Congress, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL. D., visited the building and wrote a description worth quoting:

Congress chamber is an apartment in the second story of the City Hall. This Hall is a magnificent pile of buildings in Wall street, at the head of Broad street, near the center of the city. It is more than



VIEW OF THE FEDERAL EDIFICE IN NEW YORK.
(FROM THE "MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)



CUSTOM-HOUSE, WALL STREET, BUILT ON SITE OF FEDERAL HALL IN 1831. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

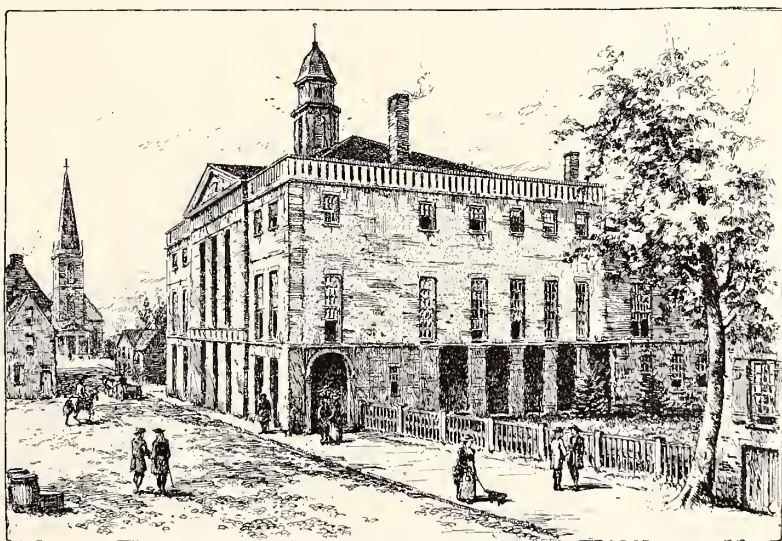


VIEW OF FEDERAL HALL, 1797. (FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF DR. T. A. EMMET.)

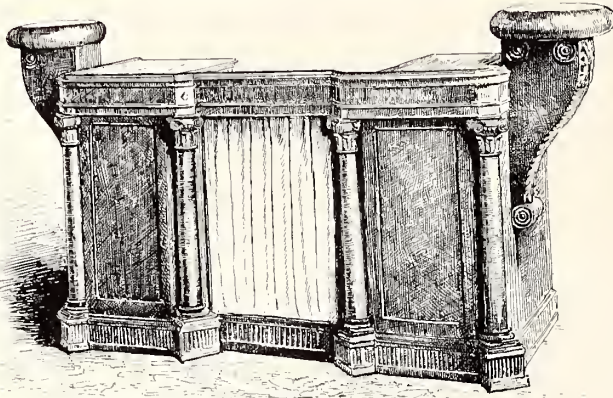
twice the width of the State House in Boston, but I think not so long. The lower story is a walk; at each corner are rooms appropriated to the Mayor and Aldermen of the City and the City Guards. Between the corner rooms, on each side and at the ends, it is open for a considerable space, supported by pillars. In front is a flight of steps from the street, over which is a two-story piazza, with a spacious walk, which communicates with Congress chamber at the east end, and with the chamber where the Mayor and Aldermen hold their courts at the west end.

After the city of New York had been selected by the old Congress for the meeting of the new Congress, it was at once determined to transform the old City Hall into the new Federal Hall. A number of wealthy gentlemen advanced the thirty-two thousand dollars needed for repairs, and the architect chosen was a French officer of engineers, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, the architect of St. Paul's Church and of some of the public buildings at Washington. The jail prisoners

were removed to the "new jail in the park." The transformation of the building was eagerly watched and its progress duly recorded in the newspapers of the day. When thrown open for the inspection of the public, a short time before the inauguration, it was seen to be an imposing structure. The arched basement on Wall and Nassau streets formed a promenade for citizens. There were seven openings to the basement in Wall street. The four heavy Tuscan columns in the center extended to the second story, or grand balcony, where the inauguration oath was administered. These col-



"A PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE CITY HALL IN NEW YORK, TAKEN FROM WALL STREET."
(FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)



DESK IN FEDERAL HALL USED BY WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, NOW IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, N. Y.

umns supported four high Doric pillars, over which, in the pediment, were ornamental figures and a great American eagle carrying thirteen arrows and the arms of the United States. Within the building were the Representatives' room, the Senate Chamber, the committee rooms, audience room and antechambers, a library, and a marble-paved hallway extending from the bottom to the top of the building and roofed by a glass cupola so that a strong light might be thrown down upon the lobby adjoining the Senate Chamber.

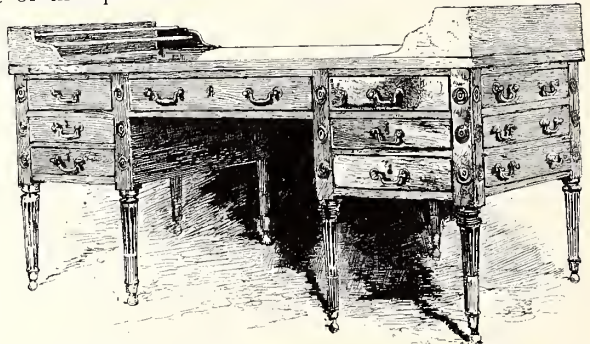
The Senate Chamber was forty by thirty feet and fifteen feet high, with fireplaces of American marble of "as fine a grain as any from Europe." On the ceiling were a sun and thirteen stars.

The Representatives' room, or Federal Hall proper, was 61 feet deep, 58 wide, and 36 high, and contained four fireplaces. On the Broad street side were two galleries for spectators; at the north end was the Speaker's chair, and arranged in circular form in the room were seats for the fifty-nine representatives. The most elegant and most talked-of ornament of the building was the eagle on the outside. The day it was reared, a troop of horse, a company of grenadiers, and a company of light infantry attended, so memorable was the occasion. On the 22d of April news was sent from New York to the Salem *Mercury* as follows: "The Eagle in front of the Federal State House is displayed. The general appearance of this front is truly august." After Congress had begun the transaction of business the building was crowded with visitors, so eager were all to inspect this wonderful structure. It might

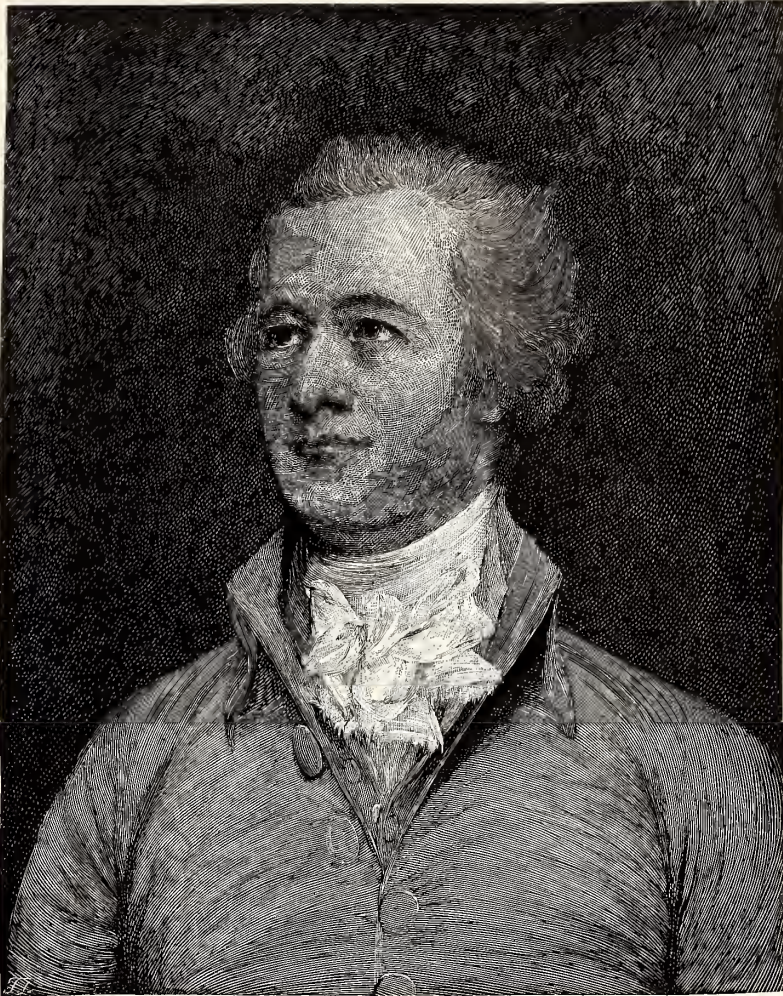
be added that after Congress moved to Philadelphia, Federal Hall was altered to receive the courts and the State Assembly, and was taken down in 1813 to make way for buildings which in turn gave way to the old Custom-house and to the United States Sub-Treasury building of to-day.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 7, the day after the counting of the votes, Sylvanus Bourne "set out in a packet-boat, with a fair wind and a brisk gale, for Boston," bearing official notification of election to John Adams and letters and dispatches to gentlemen and newspapers in Massachusetts. Late Wednesday evening the

packet, under the command of Captain Fairbanks, arrived at Warwick Neck in Rhode Island, and by traveling overland the rest of the journey Sylvanus Bourne was able to reach Braintree at 6 o'clock on Thursday evening, making the journey from New York in fifty hours—express time indeed one hundred years ago. The following Monday morning at 10 o'clock Mr. Adams started for New York, not forgetting to take with him an elegant suit of broadcloth manufactured in Hartford in which to make his appearance as Vice-President of the United States. A troop of horse came out from Boston to serve as escort, and in returning through Dorchester with Mr. Adams the party was saluted with a "Federal discharge" of artillery. On the arrival of the procession at the fortification gates of Boston the bells began to ring, and a large body of gentlemen on horseback met Mr. Adams and accompanied him to the residence of Governor Hancock, where a collation was served. Here there was another discharge of artillery, and the citizens "with loud huzzas" testified their appreciation of "the great republican virtues"



WASHINGTON'S WRITING-TABLE, NOW IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, N. Y.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON. (FROM THE PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, 1792; NOW OWNED BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, N. Y.)

of John Adams. At half-past one the Vice-President entered his carriage and continued his journey under military escort. The procession was indeed imposing, and included an advanced corps of uniformed horse, a hundred and fifty gentlemen on horseback, the Middlesex Horse, the Roxbury Blues, forty carriages containing the governor, the French and Dutch consuls, the President of Harvard College, and other gentlemen of distinction. At Charlestown he was welcomed with another "Federal discharge" of cannon, and in passing through Cambridge, Watertown, Sudbury, and other towns he received proofs of the highest consideration. Though a part of the procession that started at Boston dropped off at Cambridge, and other parts at points beyond, the military escort, with frequent changes, accompanied Mr. Adams, under orders of the governor, through the counties of Middlesex and Worcester. The next day, Tuesday, April 14,

Mr. Adams passed through Worcester, where he received the customary salute of eleven guns and dined at the United States Arms. On Wednesday he left Springfield behind him, and on Thursday reached Hartford, where "an escort of the principal gentlemen in town, the ringing of bells, and the attention of the Mayor and Aldermen of the Corporation marked the Federalism of the citizens and their high respect for the distinguished patriot and statesman." At 6 o'clock Friday morning President Stiles and the professors and tutors of Yale College, the clergymen, and a large body of the citizens of New Haven assembled at the State House steps and went up the Hartford road six miles to meet Mr. Adams and escorted him into town amid the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells. Though Mr. Adams tarried but a short time in New Haven, he was presented at the City Tavern with the "diplomatic freedom" of the city by Pierrepont Edwards, Esq., who

PLAN OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



the previous day at a meeting of citizens had been especially commissioned to prepare the diploma. The same escort accompanied the Vice-President three miles out of New Haven. He was attended by the Light Horse of Westchester County from the Connecticut line to King's Bridge, and here he was met by more troops, many members of Congress, and citizens in carriages and on horseback, who amid the firing of salutes escorted him to the house of Hon. John Jay at 52 Broadway, near the corner of Exchange Place, where he arrived about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, April 20. But John Adams's permanent residence in New York was the celebrated mansion located on Richmond Hill,¹ afterwards the residence of Aaron Burr at the time he killed Alexander Hamilton, and subsequently bought by John Jacob Astor. The mayor and corporation called to congratulate the Vice-President the morning succeeding his arrival in town. He was next waited upon by Caleb Strong of Massachusetts and Ralph Izard of South Carolina, who in behalf of the Senate escorted him to the Senate Chamber to take the oath of office. "I was in New York," said John Randolph of Virginia forty years afterwards, "when John Adams took his seat as Vice-President. I recollect I was a schoolboy at the time, attending the lobby of Congress when I ought to have been at school. I remember the manner in which my brother was spurned by the coachman of the then Vice-President for coming too near the arms emblazoned on the scutcheon of the vice-regal carriage." Senator Langdon of New Hampshire, the president *pro tempore* of the Senate, met the Vice-President on the floor of the Senate, and after congratulating him conducted him to the chair, where the Vice-President delivered his inaugural address.

Meanwhile Charles Thomson had been executing a commission vastly more important than that performed by Sylvanus Bourne. A native of Ireland, a school-teacher in Philadelphia, a friend of Benjamin Franklin, Charles Thomson was now living the fifty-ninth of his ninety-four years. In 1774, when he was elected Secretary of the Continental Congress,—which office he held for fifteen consecutive years,—he had just married a young woman of fortune,² who was the aunt of President William Henry Harrison and the great-great-aunt of President Benjamin Harrison. He left New York Tuesday morning, April 7, and on Thursday evening he was in Philadelphia. Friday morning he continued his jour-

ney, passing through Wilmington the same day and reaching Baltimore on Sunday evening. Monday morning, April 13, he left Baltimore and arrived at Mount Vernon at half-past twelve o'clock Tuesday afternoon, being more than a week in making the journey from New York. After Mr. Thomson had presented to the President-elect the certificate of election which the President of the Senate had given him and had made a formal address stating the purpose of his visit, Washington at once replied, accepting the appointment, and said:

I am so much affected by this fresh proof of my country's esteem and confidence that silence can best explain my gratitude. While I realize the arduous nature of the task which is imposed upon me and feel my own inability to perform it, I wish that there may not be reason for regretting the choice; for indeed all I can promise is only to accomplish that which can be done by an honest zeal.

Upon considering how long time some of the gentlemen of both Houses of Congress have been at New York, how anxiously desirous they must be to proceed to business, and how deeply the public mind appears to be impressed with the necessity of doing it speedily, I cannot find myself at liberty to delay my journey. I shall therefore be in readiness to set out the day after to-morrow, and shall be happy in the pleasure of your company; for you will permit me to say that it is a peculiar gratification to have received this communication from you.

And yet Washington's correspondence during the fall and winter preceding his inauguration shows how reluctant he was to accept the Presidency. To Benjamin Lincoln he wrote: "I most heartily wish the choice to which you allude may not fall upon me. . . . If I should conceive myself in a manner constrained to accept, I call Heaven to witness that this very act would be the greatest sacrifice of my personal feelings and wishes that ever I have been called upon to make."³ To Samuel Hanson he said: "The first wish of my soul is to spend the evening of my days as a private citizen on my farm."⁴ To Lafayette he said: "I shall assume the task with a most unfeigned reluctance and with a real diffidence, for which I shall probably receive no credit from the world."⁵ To Benjamin Harrison he wrote: "Heaven knows that no event can be less desired by me, and that no earthly consideration short of so general a call, together with a desire to reconcile contending parties as far as in me lies, could again bring me into public life."⁶ "My movements to the chair of government," he wrote, finally, to Henry Knox,⁷ "will be accompanied by feelings not

¹ Near Lispenard's Meadows, corner Varick and Van Dam streets.

² Thomson was the father-in-law of Elbridge Gerry.

³ Washington used almost the same language to

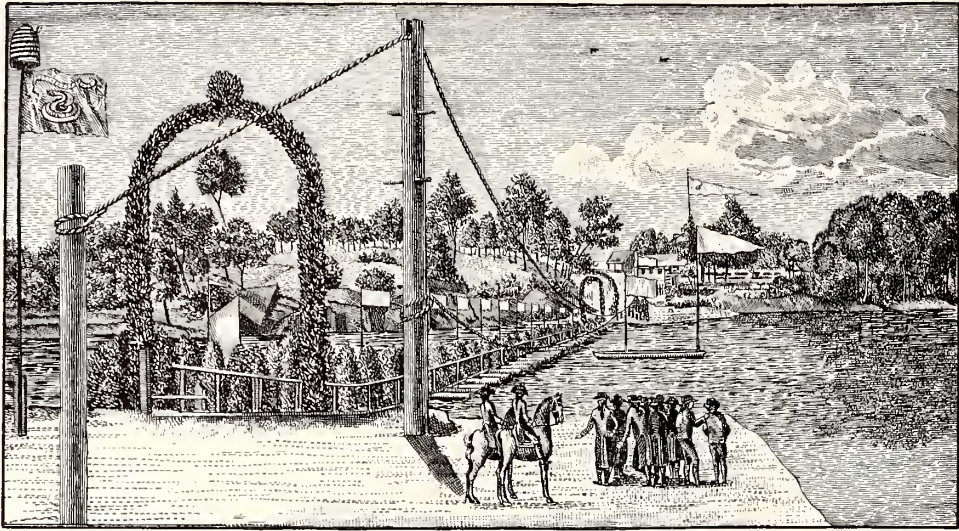
Governor Trumbull in a letter dated Mount Vernon, December 4.

⁴ January 18.

⁶ March 9.

⁵ January 29.

⁷ April 1.



PREPARATIONS FOR WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION AT GRAY'S FERRY, APRIL 20, 1789. (FROM "COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)

unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution. . . . Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me."

The correspondence was brought to a close by Hamilton, who insisted that Washington's acceptance was indispensable and that circumstances left no option. Having paid a visit of farewell as "the last act of personal duty" to his aged mother at Fredericksburg, and having borrowed five hundred pounds of a gentleman at Alexandria to discharge all his personal debts and another hundred pounds to help defray "the expenses of his journey to New York," Washington was ready to leave his home on the Potomac on Thursday the 16th of April. "About 10 o'clock," as he wrote in his diary, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express set out for New York in company with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."¹

Washington had scarcely left his home be-

fore he was met by his neighbors and friends of Alexandria, who escorted him into town and gave him an early dinner at Mr. Wise's tavern. The thirteen toasts that were drunk at the dinner seemed to tell the history of the times. "The King of France," "The Federal Constitution—may it be fairly tried," "The Memory of those Martyrs who fell in Vindicating the Rights of America," "American Manufacturers," "American Ladies—may their manners accord with the spirit of the present Government," were a few of the sentiments expressed. "Farewell," said the mayor in behalf of the people of Alexandria. "Go and make a grateful people happy—a people who will be doubly grateful when they contemplate this recent sacrifice for their interests." Washington's emotions could with difficulty be concealed. "Unutterable sensations," said he in closing his reply, "must then be left to more expressive silence, while from an aching heart I bid you all, my affectionate friends and kind neighbors, farewell."

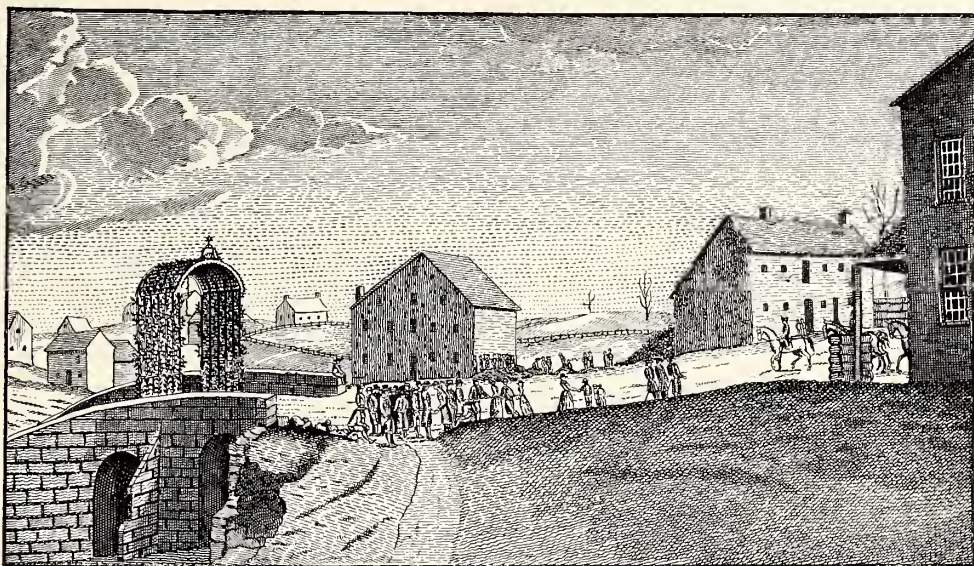
From Alexandria to Georgetown the President was attended by his neighbors and friends and even by children—a company that did "more honor to a man" (so reads a letter of the day from Georgetown) "than all the triumphs that Rome ever beheld; and the person honored is more illustrious than any monarch on the globe." The gentlemen of Georgetown met Washington on the banks of the Potomac and

¹ Martha Washington left Mount Vernon May 19 with her two children. At Baltimore she was met by a body of citizens on horseback, and in the evening she was serenaded and fireworks were discharged in her honor. Seven miles from Philadelphia she was met by ladies in carriages, and a collation was served at Gray's Ferry. Amid the ringing of bells and the firing

of cannon she was escorted into Philadelphia in the same carriage with Mrs. Robert Morris, whose guest she was while in Philadelphia. The President met Mrs. Washington at Elizabethport, N. J., in the same barge that was used by him on April 23. As the party approached New York they were saluted with a discharge of thirteen cannon.

accompanied him north until they met the gentlemen from Baltimore. Some miles out of Baltimore the next day a large body of citizens on horseback met the Presidential party, and "under a discharge of cannon" Washington was conducted "through crowds of admiring spectators" to Mr. Grant's tavern. At 6 o'clock he received an address of welcome and was accorded a public reception. Instead of a dinner, for which it was impossible to arrange on such short notice, an invitation to supper was accepted. He retired at a little after 10 o'clock, and at half-past five the next morning, Saturday, he left Baltimore, as he had entered it, amid the firing of artillery. After being con-

Philadelphia proceeded as far as the Delaware line. Other troops followed, and early Monday morning, when Washington was met, he received the customary salutes and congratulations and was escorted into Chester, where all breakfasted and rested two hours. On leaving Chester, Washington ordered his carriage to the rear of the line and mounted a beautiful white horse. Charles Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, also on horseback, were near him. As the procession advanced it received large accessions, including a body of Philadelphia citizens, at whose head was the patriot and soldier General Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the North-west Territory.



RECEPTION OF WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 21, 1789. ("COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)

ducted seven miles north he alighted from his carriage and insisted that his mounted escort should return home.

He was met on the borders of Delaware on Sunday by a company from Wilmington, where instead of illuminating the houses, as some wished, even if it was Sunday evening, "the decoration of a vessel in the Delaware opposite to Market street was substituted." Before leaving Wilmington the next morning Washington received an address from the burgesses and common council of the borough. Delaware saw its guest to the Pennsylvania line.

Philadelphia had been preparing a royal welcome. The State authorities had appropriated a thousand dollars to defray the expenses of a military escort. Thomas Mifflin, President of the Supreme Executive Council of the State, Richard Peters, Speaker of the Legislature, and the old City Troop of Horse of

At Gray's Ferry on the Schuylkill, the point next reached, the scene was indeed imposing. The most elaborate preparations had been made. Triumphal arches decorated with laurel and other evergreens; on one side eleven flags with the names of the eleven States that had adopted the Constitution; other flags with mottoes like "The Rising Empire," "The New Era," "Don't Tread on Me!" "May Commerce Flourish"; boats in the river gayly trimmed with flags; the cheering of the assembled thousands as the illustrious Washington came down the hill about noon to the ferry — all made the scene a memorable one. When Washington passed under one of the arches a wreath of laurel was lowered upon his brow by Angelica Peale, the young daughter of the artist of the Revolution, Charles Willson Peale.¹ At least twenty thousand people lined the road from Gray's Ferry

¹ Related in 1858 to Benson J. Lossing by Miss Peale's brother, Rembrandt Peale.

General Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgments, to the Matrons and Young Ladies who received him in so royal & grateful a manner at the Triumphal Arch in Trenton, for the exquisite sensation he experienced in that affecting moment. — The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the same spot. The elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion — and the innocent appearance of the White-robed Chorus who met him with the gratulatory song, have made such impressions on his remembrance as, he assures them will never be effaced. —

St
Trenton April 21
1789

FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO THE LADIES OF TRENTON, NOW OWNED BY MRS. CALEB S. GREEN OF TRENTON, N. J.

to Philadelphia, and everywhere the President was saluted with "Long live George Washington!" "Long live the Father of his People!" The procession swelled as he approached the city. There were three regular discharges of thirteen rounds each from the artillery. Salutes were also fired from the beautifully decorated ship *Alliance* and a Spanish merchantman moored in the river. As the procession moved down Market street the bells of Christ Church were rung. Amid unbounded joy Washington was conducted to the historic City

Tavern on Second above Walnut street, where a banquet was given him. At the tavern, where were gathered in 1774 the members of the first Continental Congress, now came, besides distinguished citizens, "all the clergy and respectable strangers in the city" to honor the man they loved. "A band of music played during the whole time of the dinner," says one of the newspaper accounts. Three of the fourteen toasts were to "His Most Christian Majesty, our great and good Ally,"¹ "His Catholic

¹ Louis XVI., King of France.

Majesty,"¹ and "The United Netherlands." Nearly every institution in the city presented Washington with an address before he left town at 10 o'clock the next morning.

The city troops intended to escort him to Trenton; but as the morning was rainy, Washington insisted upon declining that honor, for he would not drive in his carriage while the troops on horseback were exposed to the rain. The clouds, however, broke about noon, and at 2 o'clock the party were taken across the Delaware River at Colvin's Ferry. At the Trenton landing he was met by a distinguished party of citizens, a troop of horse, and a company of infantry, and escorted amid the booming of cannon and the huzzas of the people into Trenton village. Horses were provided for Washington and his suite. A memorable sight greeted the procession at the bridge at Assunpink Creek, over which Washington had retreated during the Revolutionary War to fall on the British forces at Princeton. A triumphal arch twenty feet wide and supported by thirteen columns, all entwined with evergreens, was raised over the bridge, upon which was inscribed in large gilt letters: "The Defender of the Mothers will also Protect their Daughters."

Over this inscription on a square ornamented with evergreens and flowers were those historic dates, "December 26, 1776—January 2, 1777," and on the summit was a large sunflower designed to express the motto, "To you alone."² The evening before the ball that had just been given at Princeton, the ladies—among whom was Mrs. Annis Stockton, widow of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and sister of Elias Boudinot—had determined to greet in a beautiful and affectionate manner President Washington. The ladies stood at the end of the bridge which Washington first approached, and in front of them were their daughters, in white dresses decorated with leaves and chaplets of flowers. Six of them held baskets of flowers in their hands. When the President was near, the ladies sang the following ode:

Welcome, mighty chief, once more!
Welcome to this grateful shore!
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers.
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers.
Strew your hero's way with flowers!

During the singing of the last two lines the ground in front of the President was strewn with flowers by the young ladies. Washington stopped his horse. The scene was truly beautiful, and many were affected to tears.

Washington dined at Samuel Henry's City Tavern in Trenton, and drove to Princeton late in the afternoon to spend the night, it is supposed, with the President of the college, the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, not forgetting to write a note of thanks to the young ladies of Trenton.

At 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 22, Washington left Princeton under military escort and took the old road to New Brunswick,³ where he was met by the war governor, William Livingston,⁴ who drove with him to Woodbridge, where Wednesday night was passed. Thursday, April 23, was an eventful day to Washington. At Bridgeton his military escort was augmented, and as he approached Elizabethtown, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, he received "a Federal salute from the cannon" and stopped at the public-house of Samuel Smith, where he received the congratulations of the town and the committee of Congress. Here he breakfasted, and then waited upon the congressional committee at the residence of Elias Boudinot, chairman of the committee. From Dr. Boudinot's house he proceeded to Elizabethtown Point under a large civic and military escort, which included companies from Newark and vicinity. At Elizabethtown Point Washington stepped aboard a magnificent barge which had been made to convey him up the bay to New York. The boat cost between two hundred and three hundred pounds and was rowed by thirteen masters of vessels dressed in white uniforms and black caps ornamented with fringes. Commodore James Nicholson⁵ was commander and Thomas Randall acted as cockswain. In the President's barge and the six others accompanying were the congressional committee, John Langdon, Charles Carroll, and William Samuel Johnson of the Senate, Elias Boudinot, Theodor Bland, Thomas Tudor Tucker, Egbert Benson, and John Lawrence of the House; Chancellor Livingston; John Jay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, and Walter Livingston, Commissioners of the Treasury; General Henry Knox, Secretary of War; Ebenezer Hazard, Postmaster-General; Colonel Nicholas Fish, Adjutant-General of the forces of New York State; Richard Varick, Recorder of the city; and other dignitaries. A discharge of artillery was given on the em-

¹ Charles IV., King of Spain.

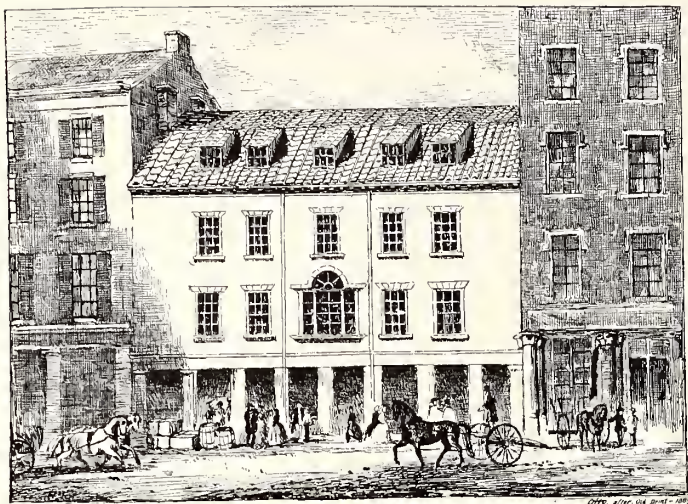
² This same arch was placed in front of the State House when Lafayette visited Trenton in 1824, and part of the arch is still preserved.

³ Washington had intended to spend Tuesday night

at Trenton and Wednesday night at New Brunswick. [Letter written by Washington to committee of Congress, dated Philadelphia, April 20, 1789.]

⁴ Own cousin to Chancellor Livingston.

⁵ Father-in-law of Senator William Few of Georgia.



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON, IN PEARL STREET OPPOSITE CEDAR STREET—WASHINGTON'S QUARTERS ON ASSUMING COMMAND OF THE ARMY IN NEW YORK. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

barkation of the President at 12 o'clock. But better than the accounts given in the newspapers is the letter descriptive of the sail up New York harbor to the foot of Wall street, written the next day by Elias Boudinot to his wife:

You must have observed with what a propitious gale we left the shore and glided with steady motion across the Newark Bay, the very water seeming to rejoice in bearing the precious burden over its placid bosom. The appearance of the troops we had left behind and their regular firings added much to our pleasure. When we drew near to the mouth of the Kills a number of boats with various flags came up with us and dropped in our wake. Soon after we entered the bay General Knox and several other officers in a large barge presented themselves with their splendid colors. Boat after boat, sloop after sloop, gayly dressed in all their naval ornaments, added to our train and made a most splendid appearance. Before we got to Bedloe's Island a large sloop came with full sail on our starboard bow, when there stood up about twenty gentlemen and ladies, who with most excellent voices sung an elegant ode, prepared for the purpose, to the tune of "God Save the King,"¹ welcoming their great chief to the seat of government. On its conclusion we saluted them with our hats, and then they with the surrounding boats gave us three cheers. Soon after, another boat came under our stern and presented

us with a number of copies of a second ode, and immediately about a dozen gentlemen began to sing it, in parts, as we passed along. Our worthy President was greatly affected with these tokens of profound respect. As we approached the harbor, our train increased, and the huzzaing and shouts of joy seemed to add life to this brilliant scene. At this moment a number of porpoises came playing amongst us as if they had risen up to know what was the cause of all this happiness.

We now discovered the shores to be crowded with thousands of people—men, women, and children; nay, I may venture to say tens of thousands. From the fort to the place of landing, although near half a mile, you could see little else along the shore, in the streets, and on board every vessel but heads standing as thick as ears of corn before the harvest. The vessels in the harbor made a most superb appearance indeed, dressed in all their pomp of attire. The Spanish ship-of-war the *Galveston* in a mo-

1 New York "Packet," May 1: "Ode sung on the arrival of the President of the United States." Tune, 'God Save, &c.' Composed by Mr. Low:

Far be the din of arms.
Henceforth the Olive's charms
Shall war preclude;
These shores a head shall own
Unsullied by a throne:
Our much loved Washington,
The Great, the Good."

The New York "Packet" said regarding the singing: "The voices of the ladies were as much superior to the flutes that played with the stroke of the oars in Cleopatra's silken-corded barge as the very superior and glorious water-scene of New York bay exceeds the silvery Cydnus in all its pride."



WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, FRANKLIN SQUARE. (FROM A PICTURE MADE IN 1856.)



MCCOMB HOUSE, ON BROADWAY — WASHINGTON'S SECOND RESIDENCE. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

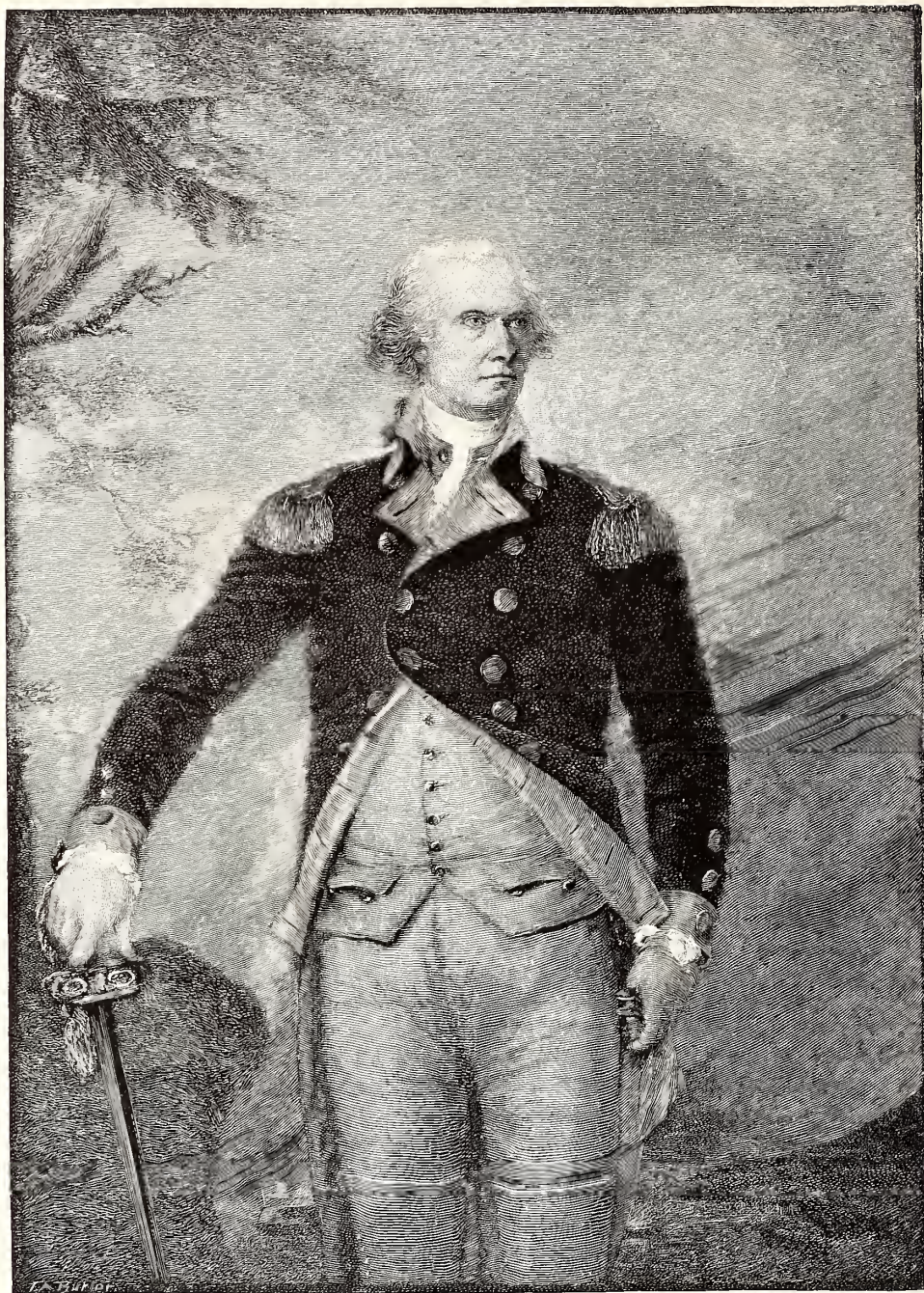
ment, on a signal given, discovered twenty-seven or twenty-eight different colors, of all nations, on every part of the rigging, and paid us the compliment of thirteen guns, with her yards all manned, as did also another vessel in the harbor, the *North Carolina*, displaying colors in the same manner. We soon arrived at the ferry stairs, where there were many thousands of the citizens waiting with all the eagerness of expectation to welcome our excellent patriot to that shore which he regained from a powerful enemy by his valor and good conduct. We found the stairs covered with carpeting and the rails hung with crimson. The President, being preceded by the committee, was received by the governor and the citizens in the most brilliant manner. He was met on the wharf by many of his old and faithful officers and fellow-patriots, who had borne the heat and burthen of the day with him, who like him had experienced every reverse of fortune with fortitude and patience, and who now joined the

company. The houses were filled with gentlemen and ladies, the whole distance being about half a mile, and the windows to the highest stories were illuminated by the sparkling eyes of innumerable companies of ladies, who seemed to vie with each other in showing their joy on this great occasion. It was half an hour before we could finish our commission and convey the President to the house prepared for his residence. As soon as this was done, notwithstanding his great fatigue of both body and mind, he had to receive the gentlemen and officers to a very large number, who wished to show their respect in the most affectionate manner. When this was finished and the people dispersed, we went (undressed) and dined with his Excellency Governor Clinton, who had provided an elegant dinner for us. Thus ended our commission. The evening, though very wet, was spent by all ranks in visiting the city, street after street being illuminated in a superb manner. I cannot help stat-

universal chorus of welcoming their great deliverer (under Providence) from all their fears. It was with difficulty a passage could be made by the troops through the pressing crowds, who seemed incapable of being satisfied with gazing at this man of the people. You will see the particulars of the procession from the wharf to the house appointed for his residence in the newspapers. The streets were lined with the inhabitants, as thick as they could stand, and it required all the exertions of a numerous train of city officers, with their staves, to make a passage for

*Rec^d New York Sept 6th 1790 of Tobias Lear Esq^r
Nine Pounds ten Shillings being in full for Rent
of House N^o 78 Green Street occupied till the first
of May last by the late hold of the President
of the United States -
L^g 10 *Lambert Ogwood**

RECEIPT GIVEN BY OWNER OF HOUSE ON FRANKLIN SQUARE OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON IN 1789-90.



GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON. (FROM A PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, 1791; IN GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, NEW YORK.)

ing now how highly we were favored in the weather. The whole procession had been completely finished and we had repaired to the governor's before it began to rain. When the President was on the wharf an officer came up, and addressing him said he had the honor to command his guard, and that it was ready to obey his orders. The President answered that, as to the present arrangement, he

should proceed as was directed, but that after that was over he hoped he would give himself no farther trouble, as the affection of his fellow-citizens (turning to the crowd) was all the guard he wanted.

As the barge drew up to Murray Wharf, near the Coffee House, about 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, cannons were again fired, the bells

of the city began to ring and continued for half an hour. Washington was dressed in a plain suit, consisting of blue coat and buff waistcoat and breeches.

Miss Quincy, looking out of a window in a store on the wharf, wrote :

Carpets were spread to the carriage prepared for him, but he preferred walking through the crowded streets and was attended by Governor Clinton and many officers and gentlemen. He frequently bowed to the multitude and took off his hat to the ladies at the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs, threw flowers before him, and shed tears of joy and congratulations. The whole city was one scene of triumphal rejoicing. His name in every form of decoration appeared on the fronts of the houses,¹ and the streets through which he passed to the governor's mansion were ornamented with flags, silk banners of various colors, wreaths of flowers, and branches of evergreens. Never did any one enjoy such a triumph as Washington, who indeed "read his history in a nation's eyes."

The procession, headed by Colonel Morgan Lewis, consisted of music, a troop of horse, artillery officers off duty, the grenadiers that served as a guard of honor to the President, the governor and officers of the State, the congressional committee, the Mayor and Corporation, the clergy, the French and Spanish ambassadors, and citizens. The whole passed through Queen street,² by Governor Clinton's house at the foot of Cedar street, and stopped at the Franklin House, which had been fitted up as a residence for Washington.³ From 7 till 9 o'clock in the evening, while Washington was dining with a distinguished company at Governor Clinton's house, the city was brilliantly illuminated. The day had indeed been a glorious one. On all sides was heard the expression, "Well, he deserves it all!" and many who were in the crowd said that "they should now die contented, nothing being wanted to complete their happiness, previous to this auspicious period, but the sight of the

Savior of his Country."⁴ It had been "a day of extravagant joy."

Of the 23d of April Washington wrote in his diary :

The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board, the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I walked along the streets, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing.

In turning for a moment to the two houses of Congress it should be said that after count-



RALPH IZARD. (FROM "CORRESPONDENCE OF RALPH IZARD," FRANCIS & CO. 1844.)

ing the electoral votes on the 6th of April they at once plunged into the business of preparing rules and orders for themselves, in discussing the tariff,⁵ in making a beginning towards or-

House, and subsequently the Mansion House and Bunker's Hotel.

Washington's Diary, February 1, 1790: "Agreed on Saturday last to take Mr. McComb's house, lately occupied by the Minister of France, for one year from and after the first of May next, and would go into it immediately if Mr. Otto, the present possessor, could be accommodated; and this day sent my secretary to examine the rooms to see how my furniture could be adapted to the respective apartments."

Colonel John May's Journal, April 22, 1788: "Went to see a pile of new buildings, nearly completed, belonging to a Mr. McComb, by far the finest buildings my eyes ever beheld, and I believe they excel any on the continent. In one of the entries I traveled up five flights of stairs—the rail continuous from top to bottom. I still left one flight unexplored."

⁴ "Gazette of the United States," April 25.

⁵ The tariff was discussed in the Congress of 1781, but the subject became a most important question in

¹ "God Bless your Reign," etc.

² Now Pearl street—in 1789 a mile and a half in length, and with buildings from four to six stories high. It was considered a remarkable fact at that time, as the Rev. Manasseh Cutler wrote, that the sides of Queen street within the posts were "laid principally with free stone, sufficiently wide for three persons to walk abreast." (Cutler's Life, Vol. I., p. 306.)

³ This house was owned by Samuel Osgood, one of the Treasury Commissioners, and was until 1856, when the building was taken down, at the junction of Cherry and Pearl streets on Franklin Square. The Franklin House had been occupied by the President of the old Congress, but had been fitted up by order of the new Congress for Washington. For particulars regarding Osgood see "History of the City of New York," by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Vol. II., p. 330. Washington occupied in 1790 a house on Broadway, near Bowling Green, which had been used by the French ambassador and was called the McComb



FRAUNCES TAVERN, ON BROAD AND PEARL STREETS. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL," 1854.)

ganizing the judiciary, in arranging for a house for the President, and in preparations to receive him and the Vice-President in New York. Each day brought new members into Federal Hall. From the second day of April, the day after a quorum had been formed, until the last day of the month, the House of Representatives received nineteen new members, ten of whom it is necessary to mention by name only. Lambert Cadwalader of New Jersey, Isaac Coles of Virginia, Joshua Seney and Benjamin Contee of Maryland, Ædanus Burke,¹ Daniel Huger,² and William Smith of South Carolina, Peter Sylvester and John Hathorn of New York, and Jonathan Grout of Massachusetts. Of the other nine, however, something more should be said. Two were noted Pennsylvanians: George Clymer, fifty years old, a signer of the Declaration, and a framer of the Constitution of the United States; and Thomas Fitzsimmons, born in Ireland, forty-eight years old, and a member of the old Congress and of the Constitutional Convention. One of the most distinguished men from the South was Abraham Baldwin of Georgia, thirty-five years old, graduate of and tutor in Yale College, chaplain in the Revolution, lawyer, founder and president of the University of Georgia, member of the Continental Congress and Constitutional Convention, and afterwards United States senator. The remainder in the

1785 in Virginia and Maryland, in connection with the navigation of the Potomac. The discussion of the question led to the Annapolis Convention in 1786, which resulted in the Constitutional Convention in 1787. The first Congress under the Constitution discussed at length the tariff question under the leadership of Madison. To Madison is due the greatest credit for following up the question to the logical result of forming a new government out of the United States.

list of representatives who were present at the inauguration of Washington were George Partridge of Massachusetts, forty-nine years old, graduate of Harvard, delegate to the Continental Congress; John Lawrence of New York, born in England thirty-nine years before, lawyer, soldier during the entire Revolution, member of the old Congress; Egbert Benson of New York, forty-two, graduate of

Columbia College, member of the Continental Congress, and first president of the New York Historical Society; Thomas Sinnickson of New Jersey, a man of classical education and a captain in the battles of Trenton and Princeton; James Jackson of Georgia, native of England, thirty-one years old, Revolutionary soldier, lawyer, and afterwards United States senator; and William Floyd of New York, fifty-five, a member of the old Congress for nine years, and one of the immortal band of signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Six senators made their appearance in the Senate Chamber in the interval between the formal organization and the inauguration of Washington: Ralph Izard of South Carolina, Charles Carroll and John Henry of Maryland, George Read of Delaware, Tristram Dalton of Massachusetts, and James Gunn of Georgia. Of these it should be said that Henry was a Princeton graduate, member of the old Congress, and governor of Maryland; and Read was a lawyer of fifty-five, who enjoyed the distinction, as a delegate of the Congress of 1774, of having signed the petition to George III., as a member of the Congress of 1776, the Declaration, and as a member of the Federal Convention of 1787, the Constitution. Izard, educated at Christ College, Cambridge, was forty-seven. While in England he endeavored without success to impress upon the British ministry

The tariff was chiefly discussed in the new Congress by Madison, Sherman, Fitzsimmons, Boudinot, Bland, Lee, White, Thacher, Tucker, Hartley, and Lawrence. [N. Y. "Packet," April 10, 1789; "James Madison," by Sidney Howard Gay, pp. 54-62.]

¹ Burke was born in Ireland in 1743, and was widely known on account of a pamphlet he wrote against the Society of the Cincinnati.

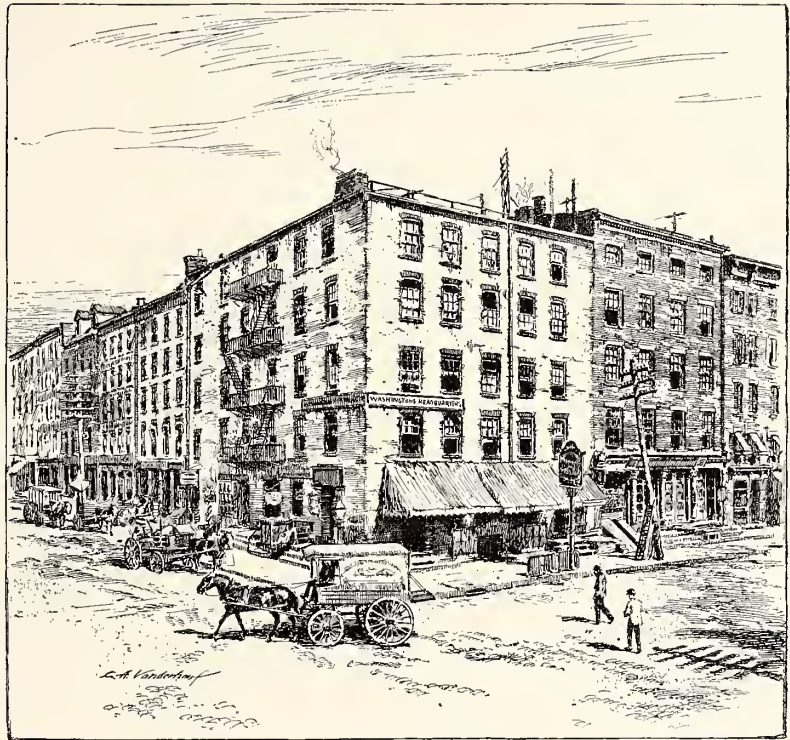
² Member of the Continental Congress.

the folly of the policy towards the American colonies. He always refused the honor of a presentation at court, because he would have been obliged to bow the knee, which he never would do, he said, to mortal man. While in Europe he was appointed by the Continental Congress commissioner to the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. When the agent of South Carolina was sent abroad to purchase ships of war, Ralph Izard pledged the whole of his ample fortune as security for payment.¹

It was a proud distinction of the first Congress under the Constitution that one of its members was Charles Carroll of Carrollton — fifty-two years old, educated at several universities in Europe, the wealthiest man in the colonies at the breaking out of the Revolution, the great advocate of liberty, the survivor of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence.²

On the very day that Washington arrived in New York a discussion took place in the Senate regarding the manner of receiving the President. Thereupon John Adams asked what title should be used in addressing the Chief Magistrate — "Mr. Washington," "Mr.

President," "Sir," or "May it please your Excellency."³ A committee was appointed to confer with the House on the subject and also on the subject of the inauguration ceremonies, and the joint committee decided that the title should simply be, "The President of the United States." The Senate disagreed, and the new committee reported in favor of the title, "His Highness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties." The Senate accepted the report and the House rejected it, and the agitation of the subject was allowed to drop.⁴



FRAUNCES TAVERN IN 1889.

¹ Izard married in 1767 the beautiful Alice De Lancey, niece of the lieutenant-governor of the Province of New York, and while in America was in the habit of spending his winters in South Carolina and his summers in New York.

² He died in 1832, aged 95.

³ "James Madison," by Gay, pp. 129-134.

⁴ The question of titles, however, as Madison wrote to Jefferson, "became a serious one in the two houses. J. Adams espoused the cause of titles with great earnestness. His friend R. H. Lee, although elected as a republican enemy to an aristocratic Constitution, was a most zealous second. . . . Had the project succeeded, it would have subjected the President to a serious dilemma and given a deep wound to our infant Government." And Senator William Grayson of Virginia wrote to Patrick Henry, New York, June 12, 1789 (*vide* Lyon G. Tyler's "Letters and Times of the Tylers," Vol. I, p. 169): "Is it not still stranger that John Adams, the son of a tinker, and the creature of

the people, should be for titles and dignities and pre-eminences, and should despise the herd and the ill-born? It is said he was the *primum nobile* in the Senate for the titles for the President, in hopes that in the scramble he might get a slice for himself."

A letter by John Armstrong to General Gates, dated New York, April 7, 1789 (Griswold's "Republican Court," pp. 122, 123), says: "All the world here are busy in collecting flowers and sweets of every kind to amuse and delight the President in his approach and on his arrival. Even Roger Sherman has set his head at work to devise some style of address more novel and dignified than 'Excellency.' Yet, in the midst of this admiration, there are skeptics who doubt its propriety, and wits who amuse themselves at its extravagance. The first will grumble and the last will laugh, and the President should be prepared to meet the attacks of both with firmness and good nature. A caricature has already appeared called 'The Entry,' full of very disloyal and profane allusions. It repre-

The arrangements for the inauguration proceeded rapidly. In the preliminary report of the congressional committee of arrangements, offered on Saturday, the 25th of April, it was declared that the President should be formally received by both houses in the Senate Chamber on Thursday, the 30th of April, and that both houses should then move into the Representatives' Chamber, where the oath was to be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York. Two days later the place for taking the oath was changed to the "outer gallery adjoining the Senate Chamber," and it was decided that the President, the Vice-President, and both houses should proceed after the ceremony to St. Paul's Church to hear divine service.

The idea of holding services in St. Paul's Church created considerable discussion. Senator William Maclay of Pennsylvania said in his journal, on the Monday before the inauguration:

A new arrangement was reported from the joint committee of ceremonies. This is an endless business. Lee offered a motion to the chair that after the President was sworn (which now is to be in the gallery opposite the Senate Chamber) the Congress should accompany him to St. Paul's Church and attend divine service. This had been agitated in the joint committee, but Lee said expressly *that they would not agree to it*. I opposed it as an improper business, after it had been in the hands of the joint committee and rejected, as I thought this a certain method of creating a dissension between the houses.

The question of holding services on the day of the inauguration had been agitated by the clergymen in town.¹ When Bishop Provoost was applied to on the subject he replied, so Ebenezer Hazard wrote, that the Church of England "had always been used to look up to Government upon such occasions, and he thought it prudent not to do anything till they knew what Government would direct. If the good bishop never prays without an order from Government," added Hazard, "it is not probable that the kingdom of heaven will suffer much from his violence." It must have been a relief to Bishop Provoost, therefore, when

sents the General mounted on an ass, and in the arms of his man Billy Humphreys [Colonel David Humphreys, aide-de-camp, who accompanied Washington from Mount Vernon to New York] leading the jack, and chanting hosannas and birthday odes. The following couplet proceeds from the mouth of the devil:

"The glorious time has come to pass
When David shall conduct an ass."

¹ The Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, Presbyterian, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, Episcopal bishop, and the Rev. Dr. William Linn, Presbyterian, and

Congress agreed to the services in St. Paul's Church.²

Meanwhile Washington had been waited upon by the two houses of Congress, who offered him their congratulations. Similar congratulatory calls were made by other bodies, including the Chamber of Commerce, whose members met at the Coffee House at half-past eleven o'clock one morning, and proceeded to the presidential mansion, where they were introduced by John Broome, the president of the Chamber.

The long-expected day was now at hand. The copestone was about to be placed on the structure the foundations of which had been laid thirteen years before. It was the 30th of April, 1789, and the first President of the United States was to take the oath of fidelity to the new Constitution. Crowds were pouring into New York. "For nearly a fortnight," wrote Griswold, "the taverns and boarding-houses in the city had been thronged with visitors, and now every private house was filled with guests, from all parts of the Union, assembled to witness the imposing ceremonial which was to complete the organization of the Government. 'We shall remain here, even if we have to sleep in tents, as so many will have to do,' wrote Miss Bertha Ingersoll to Miss McKean; 'Mr. Williamson had promised to engage us rooms at Fraunces's,'³ but that was jammed long ago, as was every other public house; and now, while we were waiting at Mrs. Vandervoort's in Maiden Lane till after dinner, two of our beaux are running about town, determined to obtain the best places for us to stay at which can be opened for love, money, or the most persuasive speeches.'"

With a discharge of artillery at sunrise from old Fort George near Bowling Green began the ceremonies of the day. At 9 the bells of the churches rang for half an hour, and the congregations gathered in their respective places of worship "to implore the blessings of Heaven upon their new Government, its favor and protection to the President, and success and acceptance to his Administration." The military were meanwhile preparing to parade, and at 12 o'clock marched before the President's house on Cherry street. A part of the procession came

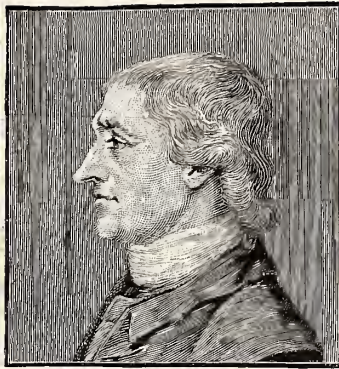
afterwards Low Dutch, were made chaplains of Congress. Dr. Provoost was Bishop of New York from 1787 to 1801.

² The Senate agreed to the St. Paul's service April 27, and the House April 29.

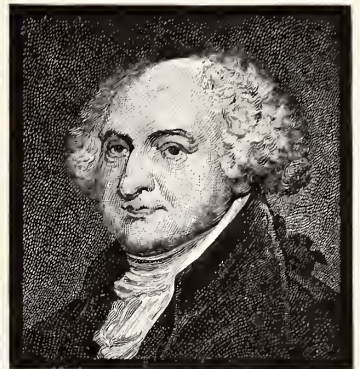
³ Fraunces Tavern, built in 1710. In this house was instituted in 1768 the New York Chamber of Commerce, with John Cruger as president, and the same place was Washington's headquarters in 1783. Here, too, Washington bade farewell to his officers, December 4, 1783. The building is still standing at 101 Broad street, corner of Pearl street.



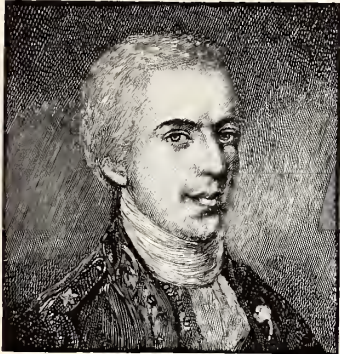
ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



C. THOMSON. (LENT BY DR. T. A. EMMET.)



JOHN ADAMS. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



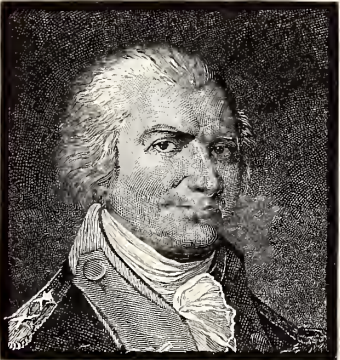
SAMUEL WEBB. (LENT BY GEN. A. S. WEBB.)



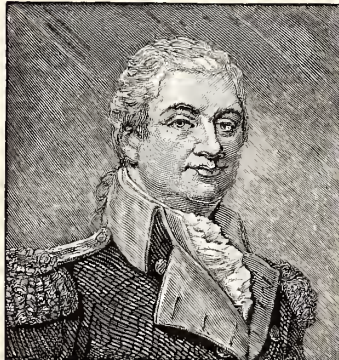
NICHOLAS FISH. (LENT BY HON. HAMILTON FISH.)



PHILIP SCHUYLER. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



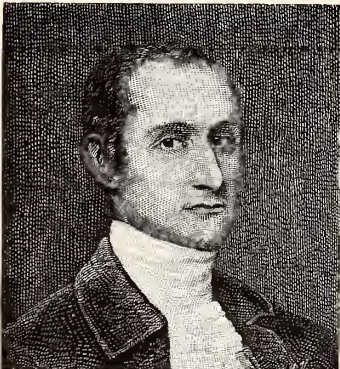
ARTHUR ST. CLAIR. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



HENRY KNOX. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



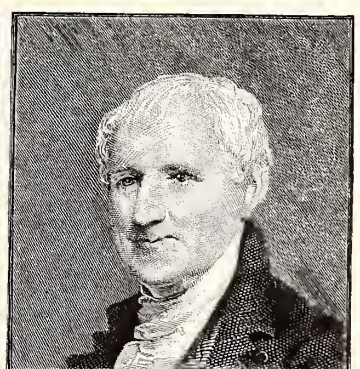
MORGAN LEWIS. (PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, N. Y. CITY HALL.)



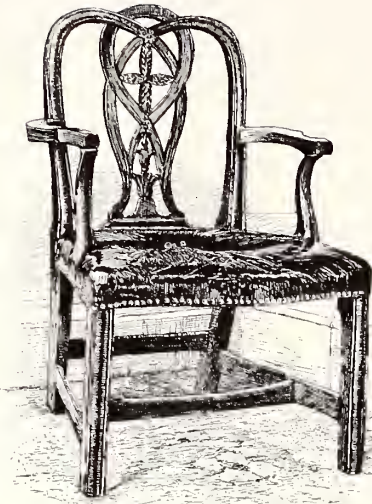
JOHN JAY. (PAINTING BY JOSEPH WRIGHT, 1786. PRESENTED TO N. Y. HIST. SOC. BY JOHN PINTARD, 1817.)



STEBEN. (FROM A PAINTING IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, N. Y. CITY HALL.)



EGBERT BENSON. (AFTER ENGRAVING BY CHARLES BENT FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, N. Y. HIST. SOC.)



CHAIR USED BY WASHINGTON AT HIS INAUGURATION, NEW YORK CITY. (COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. B. SOUTHWICK.)

direct from Federal Hall. Following Captain Stakes with his troop of horse were the "assistants"—General Samuel Blatchley Webb,¹ Colonel William S. Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas Fish,² Lieutenant-Colonel Franks, Major L'Enfant, Major Leonard Bleeker,³ and Mr. John R. Livingston. Following the assistants were Egbert Benson, Fisher Ames, and Daniel Carroll, the committee of the House of Representatives; Richard Henry Lee, Ralph Izard, and Tristram Dalton, the committee of the Senate; John Jay, General Henry Knox, Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, Walter Livingston, the heads of the three great departments; and gentlemen in carriages and citizens on foot. The full procession left the presidential mansion at half-past twelve o'clock and

¹ Aide-de-camp to Generals Putnam and Washington, Colonel 3d Connecticut Regiment, and one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati. After the Revolutionary War, General Webb settled in New York and lived at 25 Broadway, and "was a leader of fashion and one of the most elegant men of the day." David S. Jones told the late James Watson Webb that one of his "amusements as a boy was regularly and daily to watch Gouverneur Morris and General Samuel Webb make their appearance about midday from the fashionable barber shop of the city, near Courtlandt street, and with powdered hair and hats in hand commence their daily walk on the fashionable lounge which extended from Courtlandt street to Morris street on the west side of Broadway, the front of old Trinity being the point of attraction where the loungers most lingered." [Reminiscences of General Samuel B. Webb, by his son J. Watson Webb. Privately printed.]

² He was Major of the 2d New York Regiment and brigade inspector, and "possessed to a high degree the confidence of Washington, Schuyler, Lafayette, and Hamilton, and with the army the character of an excellent disciplinarian and a gallant soldier." (John

proceeded to Federal Hall via Queen street,⁴ Great Dock, and Broad street. Colonel Morgan Lewis⁵ as Grand Marshal, attended by Majors Van Horne and Jacob Morton as aides-de-camp, led the way. Then followed the troop of horse; the artillery; the two companies of grenadiers; a company of light infantry and the battalion men; a company in the full uniform of Scotch Highlanders with the national music of the bagpipe; the sheriff, Robert Boyd, on horseback; the Senate committee; the President in a state coach, drawn by four horses, and attended by the assistants and civil officers; Colonel Humphreys and Tobias Lear,⁶ in the President's own carriage; the committee of the House; Mr. Jay, General Knox, Chancellor Livingston; his Excellency the Count de Moustier, and his Excellency Don Diego de Gardoqui, the French and Spanish ambassadors; other gentlemen of distinction, and a multitude of citizens. The two companies of grenadiers attracted much attention. One, composed of the tallest young men in the city, were dressed "in blue with red facings and gold-laced ornaments, cocked hats with white feathers, with waistcoats and breeches and white gaiters, or spatterdashes, close buttoned from the shoe to the knee and covering the shoe-buckle. The second, or German company, wore blue coats with yellow waistcoats and breeches, black gaiters similar to those already described, and towering caps, cone shaped and faced with black bear skin."

When the military, which amounted to "not more than five hundred men," and whose "appearance was quite pretty," arrived within two hundred yards of Federal Hall, at 1 o'clock, they were drawn up on each side, and Washington and the assistants and the gentlemen especially invited passed through the lines and proceeded to the Senate Chamber of the "Federal State House." The building had been

Schuyler's "The Society of the Cincinnati of New York," p. 202.) The inscription on the tablet to his memory in St. Mark's Church, New York City, is:

"NICHOLAS FISH,
Lieutenant-Colonel of the Army of the American Revolution.

Born August 28, 1758; Died June 20, 1833.
The Faithful Soldier of Christ and of his Country."

Colonel Fish was the father of Hon. Hamilton Fish.

³ In battles of Long Island and Princeton, and at surrender of Yorktown.

⁴ Now Pearl street.

⁵ Born October 16, 1754; died April 7, 1844. A graduate of Princeton, student in the law office of John Jay, Revolutionary patriot, and afterwards governor of New York. He was present at the fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration in 1839, when the oration was delivered by John Quincy Adams, and the ode, sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," was written by William Cullen Bryant.

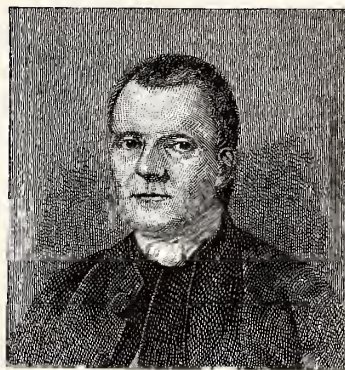
⁶ The President's private secretary.

crowded since 10 o'clock, and when the Senate met at half-past eleven all was excitement. The minutest details were considered matters of gravest moment. In the most solemn manner John Adams said: "Gentlemen, I wish for the direction of the Senate. The President will, I suppose, address the Congress. How shall I behave? How shall we receive it? Shall it be standing or sitting?" Then began a long discussion. Richard Henry Lee had been in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords and before the King, and the result of his information was that "the Lords sat and the Commons stood on the delivery of the King's speech." Then Ralph Izard, who had also visited Parliament, made this "sagacious discovery, that the Commons stood because they had no seats to sit, on being arrived at the House of Lords." John Adams replied that he had been in Parliament too; but "there was always such a crowd and *ladies along*, he could not see how it was." Then the Senate drifted off into a discussion as to the manner of receiving the Clerk of the House of Representatives, and during the discussion the Speaker and the House arrived at the Senate door. Confusion reigned. Members left their seats. When Lee rose to speak again he could not be heard. At last the lower House entered the Senate Chamber, and there the two houses sat for an hour and ten minutes. The delay was owing to the Senate committee, "Lee, Izard, and Dalton, who," said Senator Maclay, "had staid with us until the Speaker came in, instead of going to attend the President." At last the joint committee of the two houses, preceded by their chairman, introduced Washington, who advanced between the senators and representatives, bowing to each. He was at once conducted to the chair by John Adams. On the right were the Vice-President and the Senate, and on Washington's left the Speaker and the House of Representatives. The Vice-President then said that "the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States were ready to attend him to take the oath required by the Constitution, and that it would be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York." The President replied that he was ready to proceed, and was immediately conducted to the open gallery in front of the Senate Chamber, which looked out upon Broad street.

Miss Eliza Quincy wrote:

I was on the roof of the first house in Broad street, which belonged to Captain Prince, the father of one of my school companions, and so near Washington that I could almost hear him speak. The windows and the roofs of the houses were crowded, and in the streets the throng was so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads

of the people. The balcony of the hall was in full view of this assembled multitude. In the center of it was placed a table with a rich covering of red velvet, and upon this, on a crimson velvet cushion, lay a large and elegant Bible. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene. All eyes were fixed upon the balcony, where at the appointed hour Washington entered, accompanied by the Chancellor of the State of New York, who was to administer the oath, by John Adams, Vice-President, Governor Clinton, and many other distinguished men. By the great body of the people he had probably never been seen except as a military hero. The first in war was now to be the first in peace. His entrance on the balcony was announced by universal shouts of joy and welcome. His appearance was most solemn and dignified. Advancing to the



ROGER SHERMAN. (AFTER AN ETCHING BY A. ROSENTHAL OWNED BY THE CONSTITUTIONAL CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE, FROM A PAINTING BY EARLE IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

front of the balcony, he laid his hand on his heart, bowed several times, and then retired to an arm-chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him, and were at once hushed in profound silence. After a few moments Washington arose and came forward. Chancellor Livingston read the oath, according to the form prescribed by the Constitution, and Washington repeated it, resting his hand upon the table. Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, then took the Bible and raised it to the lips of Washington, who stooped and kissed the book. At this moment a signal was given by raising a flag upon the cupola of the hall for a general discharge of the artillery of the Battery. All the bells in the city rang out a peal of joy, and the assembled multitude sent forth a universal shout. The President again bowed to the people, and then retired from a scene such as the proudest monarch never enjoyed.

Besides Adams, Clinton, and Livingston, who stood near Washington on the balcony, were Roger Sherman and Richard Henry Lee, Generals Henry Knox and Arthur St. Clair, Baron Steuben¹ and Samuel A. Otis, Secretary of the Senate, and in the rear the senators, representatives, and other distinguished officials. Alexander Hamilton viewed the cere-

¹ President and one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati.

to-day the property of St. John's Lodge No. 1, the third oldest Masonic lodge in the United States.¹

Secretary Otis of the Senate held before him a red velvet cushion, upon which rested the open Bible of St. John's Lodge. "You do solemnly swear," said Livingston, "that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." "I do solemnly swear," replied Washington, "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." He then bowed his head and kissed the sacred Book, and with the deepest feeling uttered the words, "So help me God!" The Chancellor then proclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"² The instant discharge of thirteen cannon followed, and with loud repeated shouts and huzzas the people cried, "God bless our Washington; long live our beloved President!" The President bowed to the people, and the air again rang with acclamations. Washington, followed by the company at the balcony, now returned to the Senate

Chamber, where he took his seat and the senators and representatives their seats. When Washington arose to speak all stood and listened "with eager and marked attention."

Said Senator Maclay, who heard the inaugural address:³

This great man was agitated and embarrassed more than ever he was by the leveled cannon or pointed musket. He trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read, though it must be supposed he had often read it before. He made a flourish with his right hand, which left rather an un- gainly impression. I sincerely, for my part, wished all set ceremony in the hands of dancing-masters, and that this first of men had read off his address in the plain manner, without ever taking his eyes from the paper; for I feel hurt that he was not first in everything.

Fisher Ames, who also heard Washington's address, wrote:

It was a very touching scene, and quite of the solemn kind. His aspect grave, almost to sadness; his modesty, actually shaking; his voice deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention—added to the series of objects presented to the mind, and overwhelming it, produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members. I, Pilgarcic, sat entranced. It seemed to me an allegory in which virtue was personified as addressing those whom she would make her votaries.

This important ceremony was
Performed by the most worshipful Grand Master of
Free and Accepted Masons,
Of the State of New York,
The Honorable
Robert R. Livingston,
Chancellor of the State.

Fame stretched her wings and with her trumpet blew:
"Great Washington is near—what praise is due?
What title shall he have?" She paused—and said:
"Not one—his name alone strikes every title dead."

2 Captain Van Dyck was stationed in Broadway at the head of Wall street with orders to fire the salute as soon as the waving of the signal-flag from Federal Hall indicated that the oath had been administered. At the fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration Captain Van Dyck was living, and gave the following account of the firing of the salute to the editor of the New York *Spectator*, who said, in his issue of April 30, 1839:

Captain Van Dyck still survives, and we had the pleasure of a call from the veteran on Saturday. He is now in his eighty-fifth year, and has been an officer in the Custom-house twenty-five years, the duties of which he yet discharges. He mentioned to us that when Colonel Lewis gave him the order for the salute, he inquired, "But who is to pay for the glass I shall break?" "I will," replied the colonel. At the discharge of every gun, the captain says he could hear the jingle of the glass from the shattered windows. At the corner of the streets (Broadway and Wall) was a silversmith's shop owned by a Mr. Forbes, having large bow windows. From these the panes jingled merrily. Mr. Forbes ran into the street and implored the captain to desist firing, but, of course, to no purpose. The captain gave him a rebuke, which sent him back to his shop. "Who," he demanded, "would refuse a salvo of artillery on such an occasion, for a few paltry squares of window glass?" and from that day afterward the captain says he heard no more of the broken glass.

3 Madison helped Washington prepare his inaugural speech, and the reply to that speech by the House was also drawn by Madison. (See Rives's "Life and Times of James Madison," and Washington's letter to Madison, dated May 5, 1789.)

1 The Bible is bound in red morocco with gilt ornamentation and edges and silver clasps, and is 11 inches high, 9 wide, and 3½ thick. On the obverse and reverse covers are two inscriptions very nearly alike, the first of which is as follows:

GOD SHALL ESTABLISH
ST. JOHNS LODGE CONSTITUTED
5757
REBUILT AND OPENED
NOVEMBER 28 5770.
OFFICERS THEN PRESIDING
JONATHAN HAMPTON M
WILLIAM BUTLER S W
ISAAC HERON J W

The reverse cover is shown with first page of this article. The binding may be by Roger Payne.

The Bible was published in London by Mark Baskett in 1767 and contains a large picture of George II., besides being handsomely illustrated with biblical scenes. The page of the Bible which Washington kissed is also indicated by the leaf being turned down. A copper-plate engraving explanatory of the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis is on the opposite page. On one of the fly-leaves is the following description of what was done on April 30, 1789—written so indistinctly that it is almost impossible to photograph it:

| | | |
|--------|-------------------------|---------|
| On | A picture of | This |
| Sacred | Stuart's Washington. | Volume, |

On the 30th day of April, A. M. 5789,
In the City of New York,
was administered to

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

The first President of the United States of America,
The Oath!

To support the Constitution of the United States.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, FROM CHURCH STREET.

Her power over the heart was never greater, and the illustration of her doctrine by her own example was never more perfect.

After delivering his address, the President, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Speaker, the two houses of Congress, and all who attended the inauguration ceremony, proceeded on foot to St. Paul's Church. The same order was preserved as in the procession from the President's house to Federal Hall. The military "made a good figure" as they lined the street near the church. The services in the church

were conducted by the Chaplain of the Senate, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York.

Said Fisher Ames, in the letter already quoted :

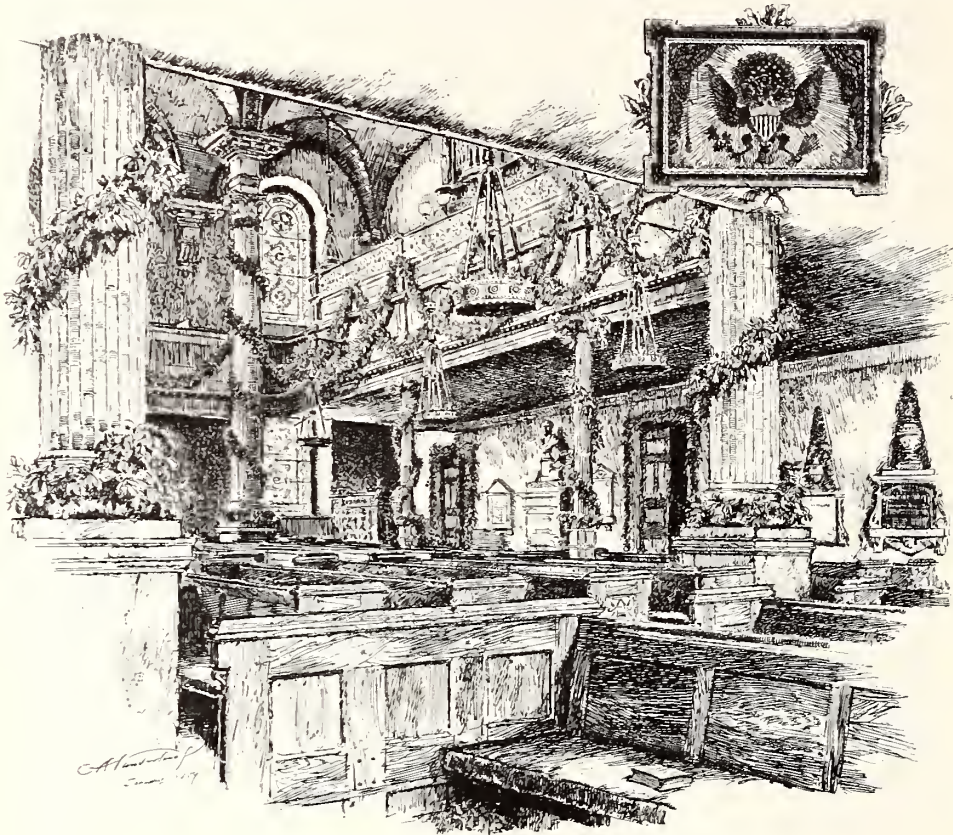
I was present in the pew with the President, and must assure you, that after making all deductions for the delusion of one's fancy in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person. Time has made havoc upon his face. That, and many other circumstances not to be reasoned about, conspired to keep up the awe I brought with me.

After prayers had been read and the "Te Deum" sung, Washington entered the state coach and was escorted home.

That evening there was a gorgeous display of fireworks, provided through private subscriptions. There were illuminations of private residences and transparencies in front of the theater

tains of fire, crackers, serpents, paper-shells, cascades, Italian candles, and fire-letters in memory of the day. But listen to Colonel John May, whose letter to his wife describes the illuminations of the evening:

The Spanish ambassador's house was illuminated so as to represent Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, Sun,



WASHINGTON'S PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AS IT IS TO-DAY.

on John street, and at Fly Market, at the foot of Maiden Lane. The ship *Carolina* in the harbor, which at sunset had discharged thirteen cannon, formed a beautiful pyramid of stars. But the largest crowds were gathered in the lower part of Broadway, where were the residences of Senator Izard, Chancellor Livingston, and the French and Spanish ambassadors. From Livingston's house the fireworks were watched by Washington, who had driven there with Colonel Humphreys and Secretary Lear. Colonel Sebastian Bauman, who as commander of the State Regiment of Artillery had been busy through the day, superintended the fireworks from Fort George, opposite Bowling Green. With a flight of thirteen rockets and the discharge of thirteen cannon the fireworks began and ended. In the two-hours' interval was a display of fire-trees, tourbillions, Chinese foun-

tain, Moon, Stars, and Spanish Arms, etc. The French ambassador also illuminated handsomely. Federal Hall also presented a fine appearance. The likeness of our hero, illuminated, was presented in the window of a house at a little distance—the best likeness I have yet seen of him; so much like him that one could hardly distinguish it from life excepting for the situation, over a beer-house, a place he never frequents. The best thing of all was a picture of the United States, the President at full length the central figure; on his right, Justice; over his head, Fortitude; on his left, Wisdom. High over his head were two female figures in gay colors and supporting on their arms the American Eagle. The fireworks were brilliant and greeted with tumultuous applause.

At 10 o'clock Washington returned home on foot, "the throng of people being so great as not to permit a carriage to pass through it."

On the morning after the inauguration the

President received calls from Vice-President Adams, Governor Clinton, John Jay, General Henry Knox, Ebenezer Hazard, Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, the French and Spanish ambassadors, "and a great many other persons of distinction." But Tuesday and Friday afternoons, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, were appointed by the President for receiving formal visits. He discouraged complimentary calls on other days, and particularly on Sunday. The ball which it was intended to give on the evening of Inauguration Day was postponed that the wife of the President might attend. But when it was learned that she would not arrive in New York until the last of May, it was decided to give the ball on the evening of Thursday, May 5.¹ It was a brilliant assembly. Besides the President, Vice-President, many members of Congress, the governor and the foreign ministers, there were present Chancellor Livingston, John Jay, General Knox, Chief-Justice Yates of New York State, James Duane (the mayor), Baron Steuben, General Hamilton, Mrs. Langdon, Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Mrs. Livingston of Clermont, Mrs. Chancellor Livingston, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Beekman, Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. McComb, Mrs. Lynch, the Marchioness de Bréhan,² Lady Stirling and her two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer, Lady Temple, Madame de la Forest, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Hous-

ton, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Provoost, the Misses Livingston, and the Misses Bayard. About three hundred were present. It is related that the President, who had danced repeatedly while Commander-in-Chief, danced in the cotillon and the minuet at this ball. "The company retired about 2 o'clock, after having spent a most agreeable evening. Joy, satisfaction, and vivacity was expressed in every countenance, and every pleasure seemed to be heightened by the presence of a *Washington*."

Washington's correspondence at the beginning of his presidency shows how strong was his conviction of duty, and how great were the difficulties surrounding him. But modesty, fidelity, and patriotism were virtues too strong to be resisted. The nobility of his character overcame all obstacles. "The cares and labors of the President," said Fisher Ames, "were incessant; his exhortations, example, and authority were employed to excite zeal and activity for the public service; able officers were selected only for their merits, and some of them remarkably distinguished themselves by their successful management of the public business. Government was administered with such integrity, without mystery, and in so prosperous a course that it seemed to be wholly employed in acts of beneficence. Though it has made many thousand malcontents, it has never by its rigor or injustice made one man wretched."

Clarence Winthrop Bowen.

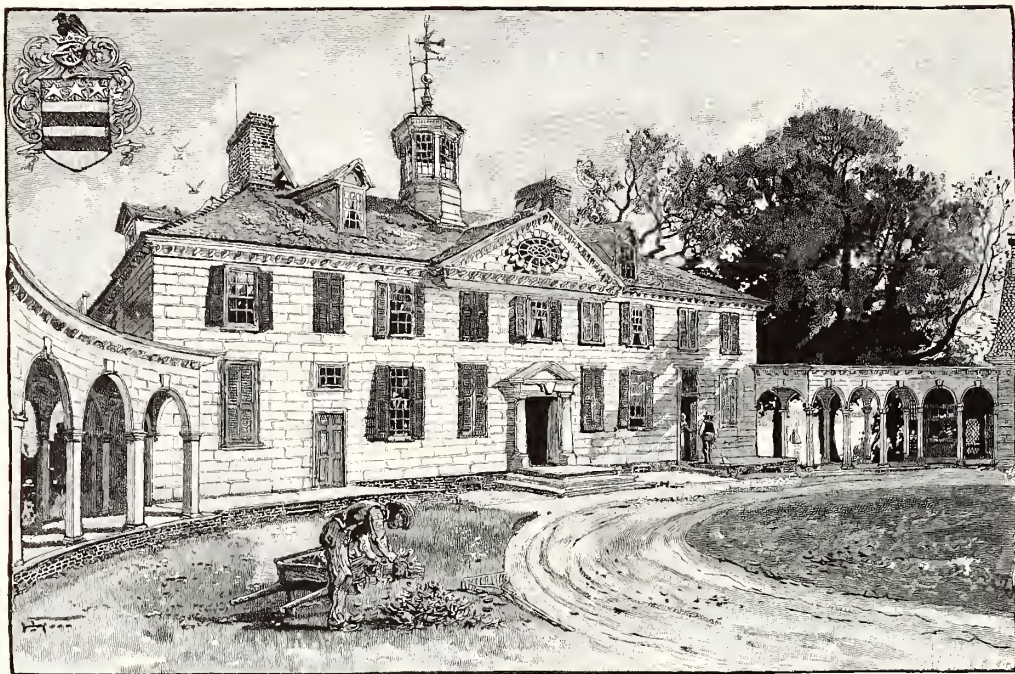
¹ The ball was given in the City Assembly Rooms, which were "in a large wooden building standing upon the site of the Old City Hotel," or at 115 Broadway, where the Boreel building now is.

² Sister of Count de Moustier, the French minister, who was now living in the McComb house on Broadway, where the week following (May 14) a ball was given in honor of Washington.

[Previous articles on kindred subjects in this magazine are "New York in the Revolution" (January and February, 1876), by John F. Mines, author of the charming series signed "Felix Oldboy" recently published in the "Evening Post" of New York; "The Stuart Portraits of Washington" (July, 1876), by Miss Jane Stuart; "A Little Centennial Lady" (July, 1876), "My Lord Fairfax of Virginia" (September, 1879), "The Home and the Haunts of Washington" (November, 1887), by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Old New York and its Houses" (October, 1883), by Richard Grant White; "The New York City Hall" (April, 1884), by Edward S. Wilde; and "Mount Vernon As It Is" (November, 1887), by Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick. A few of the most appropriate pictures from these articles and a portrait of Martha Washington from "St. Nicholas," in addition to much new material, are printed in the following articles.—EDITOR.]



WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON AFTER THE REVOLUTION.



MOUNT VERNON — SOUTH FRONT.

HERE are two seasons of the year when the hilly shores of the lower Potomac River become an earthly paradise wherein, till summer heats return to coax him from his lair, the serpent of malaria lies torpid and restrained from active demonstration. One of them is the late autumn, after frost has set the woods afire and filled the pale red globes of the tricky persimmon with luscious sweetness. Then the sleepy sun lingers upon the landscape loath to leave, and life is a delight. The other "time of joyance" is in early spring, when the swelling slopes on each side the broad silver river are first reclad in verdure. Who that has ever known it can forget the jubilee of Nature in Virginia's woods in April — the self-assertion of every growing thing in whose green veins the sap is running; the riotous blossoming of trees and shrubs close of kin to Virginia's soil, and nurtured accordingly by the Virginian climate; the singing of innumerable birds?

Viewed from the high ground around Mount Vernon, and from the openings in the wood-road along which, just a century ago, Washington was wont to take his daily gallops,

the scene that met his eyes was as fair as man could ask to look upon. Many acres of the wide, rolling country were his own, and for years had known his care. Hither, while in camp or afield, throughout the turmoil of the war, his fancy had continually turned. All the poetry of his self-contained nature went out to these familiar haunts. None of the more grandiose scenery in Western solitudes, nothing he had seen while in command of the army, had disturbed his dream of Mount Vernon sitting like a queen enthroned on grassy hilltops, her feet laved by the beautiful Potomac.

As is inevitable to the survivor of early associations, there was an element of sadness in these rides of the spring of 1789. Every rock and tree spoke to him of old pleasures of the chase, with old friends, neither to be recalled. Truly there had been seen in the county no such sport as that before the war, the memory of which, while under fierce fire at Princeton, made Washington, at sight of the enemy in full retreat downhill, put spurs to horse and, uttering the view halloo of the Fairfax hunt, leap over a stone wall, crying out exultingly, "A perfect fox-chase!"

Good to look at still when in the saddle was

he whom Lafayette thus described, long after the brave knight was dust: "Our beloved chief, mounted on a splendid charger, rode along the ranks at Monmouth amid the shouts of the soldiers, and I thought I had never seen so superb a man." Jefferson, too, spoke of him in a letter to Dr. Walter Jones as "the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback."

Although somewhat faded was the huntsman's bravery of blue and scarlet worn in the gala-days of yore, the man inside of it sat with the old ease upon his fiery "Blue-skin"—Will Lee, on "Chinkling," closely following. These two rode straight forward, over brake and brier, from sunrise, when the gray fox of Virginia was unkenneled, till—no matter what hour—the fate of her ladyship was settled, and her followers drew rein before one house or the other of their belongings, to seek pot-luck. Custis says that Washington required of a horse "but one good quality, and that was to *go along*. He ridiculed the idea that he could be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs."

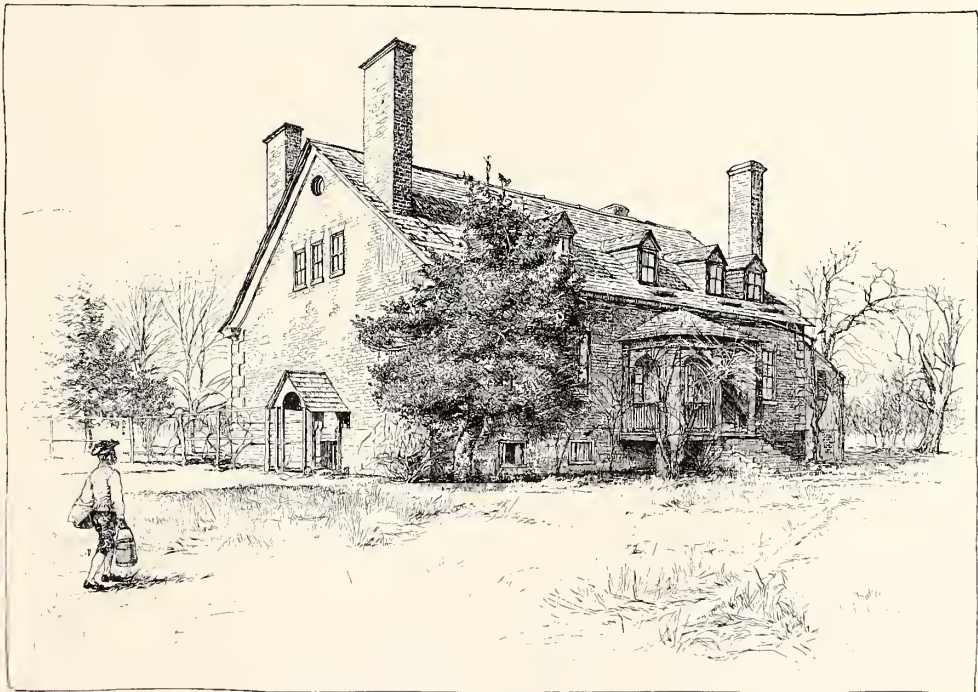
The hounds used in these latter days of chase were a pack sent, in 1785, to Mount Vernon by Lafayette. A fierce, big-mouthed, savage breed, absurdly disproportioned to their prey, were the French dogs, built to grapple with the stag in his death-agony or with the maddened boar. Mrs. Washington never

fancied having such monsters near the house, and after one of them, Vulcan by name, was discovered in the act of carrying off a ham, just out of the oven, their reign was short. The general soon after "parted with" his pack!

Other causes there were for the decline of hunting. Time and war had lessened the number of the riders. The stalwart old lord of Greenway Court, chief leader in the chase, who knew not fatigue in saddle or weariness in sport, had been laid these eight years back under a great stone in Winchester church chancel. It would need more than the music of horn and hounds to break the sleep he slept. Of the other Fairfaxes, Washington's constant comrades, only Bryan was left, and that good gentleman was getting on in life, and was making up his mind to take orders in the Church. I found but recently a pleasant letter to him,



THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX, OF GREENWAY COURT. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING AT WASHINGTON LODGE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.)



GUNSTON HALL, RESIDENCE OF GEORGE MASON.

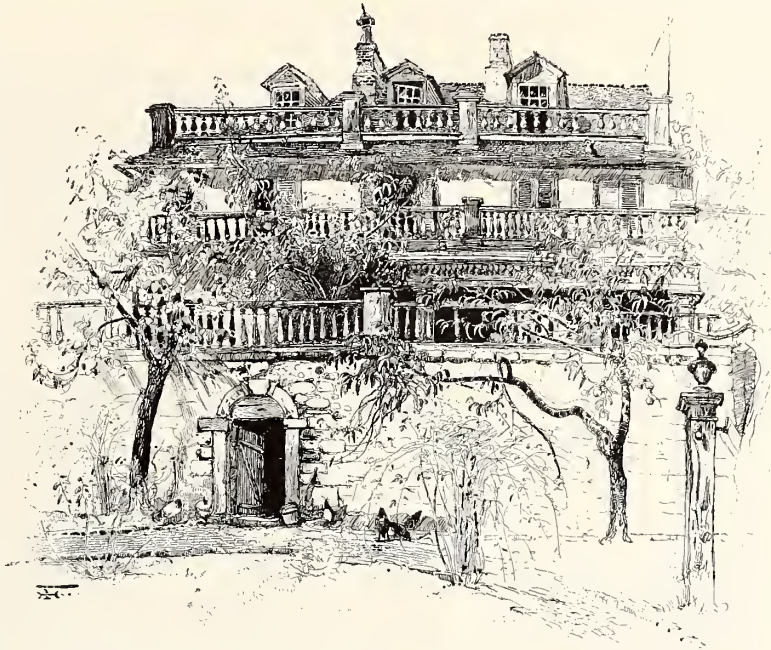
dated 1786, sent with willow cuttings from Mount Vernon, and discoursing upon the death of a litter of hound puppies, of which one had been promised to Bryan Fairfax.

But the friend most missed of all was the one who in boyhood had slept under the same blanket side by side with him by light of stars or before wigwam fire in the Shenandoah wilderness—George William Fairfax, whose father had been as a father to him, who had married Sally Cary, the lady of Washington's first love, the true "low-land beauty" of his boyish sighs. Fairfax, a loyalist in sympathy, had gone with his wife, before the actual clash of arms, to England, where, taking possession of an estate in Yorkshire coming to him by inheritance, he had resided until his death, in 1787. Washington's deep regret at the severance of their families tinges many of his letters of the time. Belvoir House—the old mansion,

built by the sturdy colonel, who, except his uncle's son, the lord of Greenway Court, was the only Fairfax to settle in America in whose veins ran the blood of the hero of Marston Moor, and at whose lips Washington had learned his first lessons of how a soldier may serve his country—had been destroyed by fire in 1783, after the departure of its owners to live in England. Its melancholy ruin faced the master of Mount Vernon whenever he looked from his river portico southward across Dogue Creek, which like a glistening ribbon ran between. In a letter written in the last year of his life to his old love, Sarah Fairfax, then at Bath in England, Washington dwells upon the prin-

cipal circumstances of the twenty-five years of his career since their parting, and ends with these words: "None of these events, nor all of them put together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company at Belvoir."¹

Of Washington's other neighbors, the most important one still living within easy reach of



MRS. HERBERT'S HOME IN ALEXANDRIA. (THE OLD CARLYLE HOUSE IN ALEXANDRIA.)

Mount Vernon was George Mason of Gunston Hall, a patriot of the finest type, the author of that noble paper "The Virginia Bill of Rights," and who in the intervals of distinguished service in the Continental Congress returned to his home on the Potomac. To this old manor-house of the Masons, built, in 1739, of Scotch brick brought to the colony as ballast in empty tobacco-ships, and richly ornamented inside with wood-carvings, the Washington family was accustomed to resort for tea-drinkings and "dining-days," returned in kind before the week was out.

To the lover of old times and houses it may be of interest to know that Gunston Hall still

¹ This letter is published in Sparks's "Writings of George Washington."

Here I may say, in answer to repeated inquiries upon the subject of Belvoir, that the house was never rebuilt. The property descending to my grandfather, Thomas, eldest grandson of William Fairfax, and afterwards ninth lord, was for reasons unexplained to his children forsaken in favor of his other places, Ashgrove and Vacluse. Clements Markham, Esq., the English historian, who is a connection of the family of Fairfax, visited the ruins of Belvoir a year or two ago, and wrote to me of it as follows: "All was a tangle

of brushwood and fallen trees, but such an enchanting view over the river! There were some heaps of bricks and a poor old fig-tree in the clearing, which, I suppose, was once the garden." Among these heaps of bricks was found, about twelve years ago, an antique fire-back of wrought iron, bearing the Fairfax monogram, which was transferred to the house of a member of the family, Colonel Arthur Herbert of Muckcross, in Fairfax County. It is to be regretted that such a relic of colonial days as old Belvoir is no longer standing, to tell its own story of the early life of Washington.

stands, although no longer in possession of the Mason family. The ancient tobacco-fields that surround it are now blossoming with the April snow of apple, peach, and pear trees; and some of the Potomac boats stop at Gunston Landing, below Alexandria, to take on to Washington the excellent milk, cream, and poultry for which Fairfax County farmers are renowned. Indeed, this business is a survival of the days when Washington set his neighbors a good example by running a market cart be-

beneath the eye of the master. All the busy life of the negro world was regulated by his personal directions to overseers and bailiff. No item was too insignificant to bring before his notice. The minutest contract for work agreed upon was put into writing. How curious, for example, the agreement with Philip Barter, the gardener, found among Washington's papers, wherein Philip binds himself to keep sober for a year, and to fulfill his duties on the place, if allowed



VIEW OF MOUNT VERNON. (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 18, 1798, BY I. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.)

tween Mount Vernon and the town. "These old Alexandrians," says Parson Weems, "filled their coach-houses with gilt carriages and their dining-rooms with gilt glasses, and then sat down to a dinner of salt meat and johnny-cake," because nobody had been found to furnish supplies for the market.

Good reason had M. Brissot de Warville, the traveler and author (the "brisk little Frenchman" who became chief of the Girondists and died by the guillotine in 1793), to cry out in astonishment at the general's success in farming, when he went the rounds of Mount Vernon in the autumn of 1788. The estates were then at the highest pitch of improvement they ever attained, crops of wheat, tobacco, corn, barley, and buckwheat "burdening the ground." What excited the Frenchman's chief surprise was that every barn and cabin, grove and clearing, field and orchard, passed daily

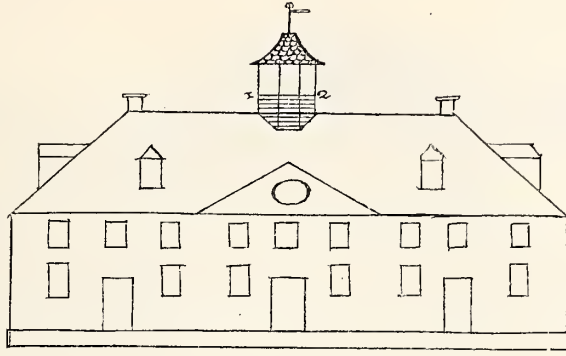
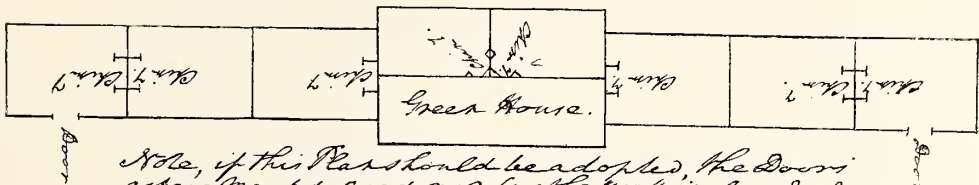
four dollars at Christmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon. For the true and faithful performance of all these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands, this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini. 1787.

his
PHILIP BARTER, X
mark.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

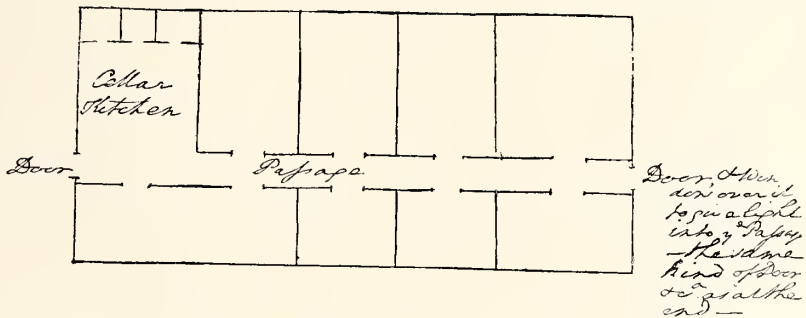
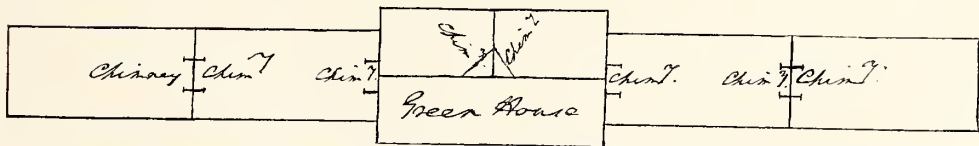
Witness:

GEORGE A. WASHINGTON,
TOBIAS LEAR.

And now, forgetting, as did he, the leader world renowned, we may follow the Virginian squire, riding from mill to smithy, quaffing when thirsty the water of his favorite "gum spring"; stopping to note, here, the growth of a chestnut from the Monongahela, there, one

Plan N^o. 1.

Note, if this Plan should be adopted, the Doors where marked need not (as the walls already built be cut now it may be done hereafter

Plan N^o. 2

ORIGINAL SUGGESTION BY GEORGE WASHINGTON TO HIS ARCHITECT FOR DESIGN OF MOUNT VERNON.
(OWNED BY S. L. M. BARLOW, ESQ.)

of "Dickey" Lee's honey-locusts from Chantilly. Here his eye lights on the slant of a cabin roof, soliciting repairs; now it is a furrow running crooked under a careless negro's hand; again, with a boy's agility, he dismounts to put in place a rail fallen from a "snake" fence.

In barn-yard, kennels, stables, there is continual interest. He makes experiments in breeding mules with the jacks sent him by the King of Spain; and Washington's letter of "homage to his Catholic majesty" for this "gift of jack-

asses," sent through the Prime Minister of Spain in 1785, has a diverting ring. So also has the correspondence between Gouverneur Morris and Washington in 1788, when Morris writes from Morrisania to announce that he will forward to Mount Vernon, if acceptable, a couple of Chinese pigs, "and in company with the pigs shall be sent a pair of Chinese geese, which are really the foolishest geese I ever beheld; for they choose all times for setting but in the spring, and one of them is



TEA-SET OF MARTHA WASHINGTON.

now [November] actually engaged in that business." To which Washington responds, "You will be pleased to accept my thanks for the *exotic animals* which you are meditating to send me."

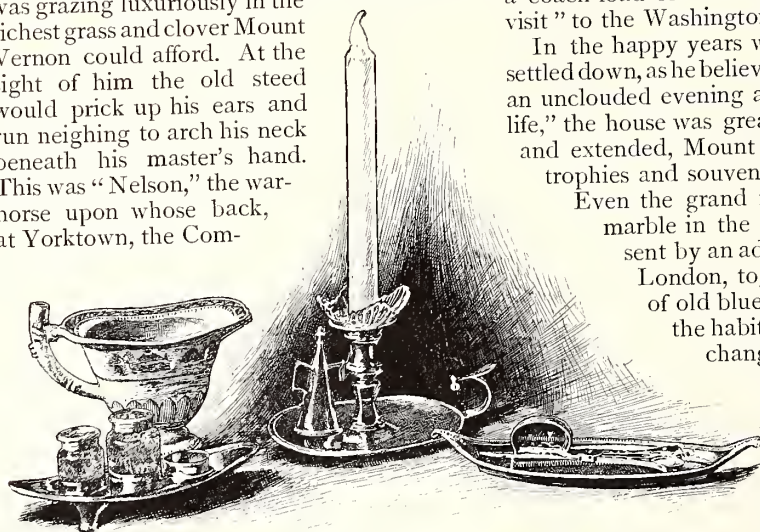
In the summer of 1788 we find Washington endeavoring to capture or buy a healthy family of opossums to export alive to his friend Sir Edward Newenham ("exotic animals" these must have proved to the English climate); George Fairfax proposes to send him English deer; Lafayette had forwarded the boar-hounds already mentioned. Washington's care of his horses is too well known to need mention here. One ceremony of his daily round—for, rain or shine, he made the circuit of his farms, between twelve and fifteen miles—was, in season, never omitted by the chief. It was to lean over the fence around the field wherein a tall old sorrel horse, with white face and legs, was grazing luxuriously in the richest grass and clover Mount Vernon could afford. At the sight of him the old steed would prick up his ears and run neighing to arch his neck beneath his master's hand. This was "Nelson," the war-horse upon whose back, at Yorktown, the Com-

mander-in-Chief of the American armies had received the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The war ended, "Nelson's" work was over. Turned out to graze in summer, in winter carefully groomed and stabled, he lived to a good old age, but by his master's strict command was never again allowed to feel the burden of a saddle.

These stories are familiar enough to dwellers in and about Alexandria, who, as the common saying goes, were "brought up on" General Washington. My own early views of the great man and his family were tinged with familiarity through hearing them discussed across the table as if they still lived within driving distance. Some of the features of Mount Vernon life here revived were depicted by my grandmother and great-aunts, whose mother, Mrs. Herbert of Alexandria, was often asked, after the liberal fashion of the State, to fetch a coach-load of her offspring for a "staying visit" to the Washingtons.

In the happy years when Washington had settled down, as he believed and hoped, "to pass an unclouded evening after the stormy day of life," the house was greatly altered. Restored and extended, Mount Vernon was filled with trophies and souvenirs of its owner's glory.

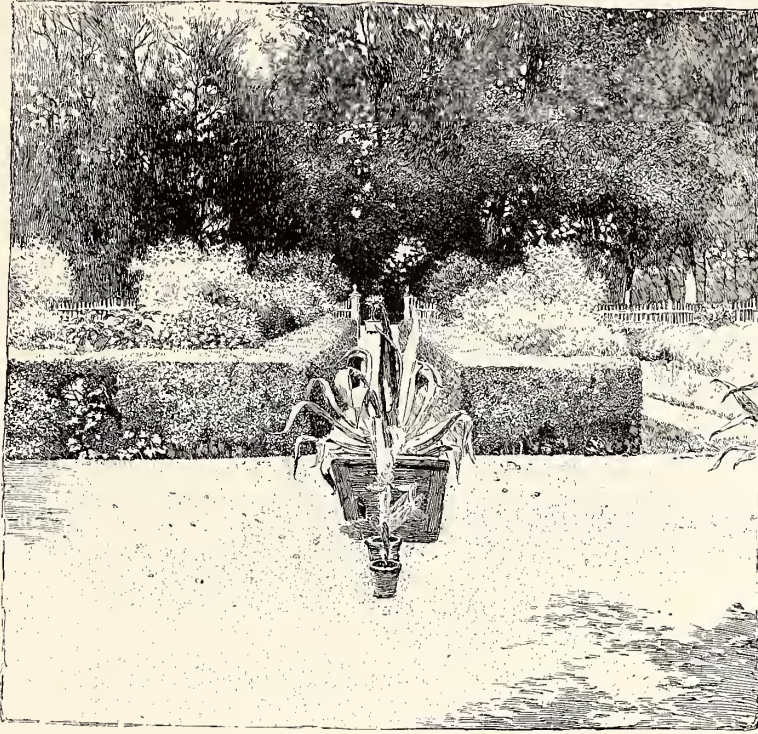
Even the grand mantelpiece of Italian marble in the chief parlor had been sent by an admirer of the general in London, together with two vases of old blue Indian porcelain. But the habits of his family were unchanged, remaining always on the unostentatious old Virginian lines. After an early breakfast Madam Washington, a stout, kindly dame, wearing in



WASHINGTON'S INKSTAND, CANDLESTICK, SNUFFERS, ETC.

winter homespun, in summer a gown of crisp white dimity, went to her store-room. "My dear old grandfather,"¹ writes Miss Mildred Lee, "used to tell me, when I ran in from play with a dirty frock at Arlington, that his grandmamma, Mrs. Washington, wore always one white gown a week, and that when she

Afterwards the house was opened to visits from the "quarter." Disputes were settled, eggs and chickens bought at the valuation of the seller, advice and medicine given to a succession of grown-up children — a family, varying in hue from tawny brown to the black of darkness visible, the care of whose health and welfare,



IN THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

took it off it was as spotless as the day she put it on."

A mob-cap covering her gray hair, and key-basket in hand, the wife of Washington must have offered a pleasant picture of the days when housekeepers were not ashamed to weigh their own supplies, and butcher's books and lounging grocer's boys were not. In their stead were seen the black cook and her myrmidons, smiling, goggling, courtesying, holding their wooden pails and "piggins" to receive the day's allowance. If there were a "sugar loaf" to crack, a tall glittering monument like an aiguille of the Alps, emerging stainless from its dark-blue wrapper, it was the mistress of the house who brought her strength to bear on it; there were "whips" and "floating-islands" and jellies to compound; and to "tie down" the preserves was no small piece of work.

The rites of the store-room at an end, it was Mrs. Washington's practice to retire to her closet for the exercise of private devotions.

¹ The late G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington House.

however onerous, was accepted as naturally by generations of Southern housewives as was the responsibility for their own flesh and blood.

This business of reception went on intermittently during the morning hours; but it is not to be supposed that Madam Washington sat with idle hands the while. Scattered about the room were black women engaged in work that must be overlooked: Flavia cutting out innumerable garments of domestic cotton for "quarter" use, Sylvia at her seam, Myrtilla at her wheel—not to mention the small dark creatures with wool betwigged, perched upon crickets round about the hearth, learning to sew, to mend, to darn, with "ole miss" for a teacher. During the late war Mrs. Washington's boast had been that she had kept as many as sixteen wheels at a time whirling on the plantation. A favorite gown had been woven by her maids, of cotton, striped with silk procured by raveling the general's discarded stockings, and enlivened by a line of crimson from some worn-out chair-covers of satin damask.



G. W. P. CUSTIS WHEN A BOY. (FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

In the intervals Madam was at leisure to chat with her guest about patterns, chickens, small-pox, husbands, and such like. The management of growing children was also a fruitful theme. There were the general's two Washington nephews, who had been put to school to Mr. Hanson in Alexandria. George had but lately run off to Mount Vernon, showing his stripes and vowing he'd be flogged by no schoolmaster. Little Washington, her own poor dear Jackey Custis's son, was as good as good could be; but Nelly—*girls*, you know! (Lovely Eleanor Custis, scarcely less beautiful in old age as Mrs. Laurence Lewis, was living, until just before the war between the States, near Berryville, in Clarke County, Virginia.) Mrs. Washington was greatly exercised because Miss Nelly preferred running in the shrubbery and mounting half-broken colts to practicing five hours a day upon the harpsichord. The anxious lady would ask Mrs. Herbert's advice as to the best method of inducing music where restless nature proved reluctant. Miss Nancy, doubtless, was more amenable; though, to be sure, Nelly was but a child yet, and was less wont to pout and cry than when first set to the spinet. And oh! *had* Nancy learned to make a shirt?

When these ladies did not drive out in the

afternoon, their custom was to take a discreet walk in the shrubbery. At the right time of the year they would gather rose leaves to fill the muslin bags that lay in every drawer, on every shelf; or sprays of honesty (they called it "silver shilling") to deck the vases on the parlor mantelpiece. After reading a bit out of the "Tatler," the "Sentimental Magazine," or the "Letters of Lady Montagu," they would take their forty winks—the beauty-sleep of a woman Southern born.

Everybody looked forward to the evening, when the general sat with them. This was the children's hour, when, by the uncertain twinkle of home-made candles, lighting but dimly the great saloon, while their elders turned trumps around the card-tables, the young people were called upon to show their steps, to strum their pieces, to sing their quavering little songs. The curled darling of the house was "Master Washington." Lafayette, during his last visit to America, told Mr. G. W. P. Custis he had seen him first on the portico at Mount

Vernon in 1784—"a very little gentleman, with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of the good general's remarkable hand, which (so large that hand!) was all, my dear sir, you could well do at the time!"

All old Alexandrians remember kindly the master of Arlington House, simple and trustful, as chivalrous and as hospitable as a Spaniard of high degree, entertaining his guests with presents of the relics they admired. His reverence for his adoptive father amounted to a cult. He was fond of poetry and of painting, at times embellishing with heroic scenes so many yards of canvas that, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family piece, there was hardly room for it indoors. Mr. Custis was possessed of the true Southern gift of easy eloquence, and his orations on the birthday of Washington were events in Alexandria. His granddaughter tells me that she remembers his gentleness to all within his household and his devotion to cats, having frequently seen the old gentleman "sit on the edge of his chair to allow Pussy undisputed possession." Most of the Washington souvenirs used for the illustration of this paper were carried away by the Lee family in their hasty departure from Arlington at the outbreak of our war; what else they had—furniture, books, silver, china, prints, trunks of letters, Mrs.

Washington's wardrobe, etc.—became the spoils of war. Beautiful Arlington, as everybody knows, is now a vast graveyard for soldiers of the Union. The home and property of Washington's adopted son have passed—forever, and bitterly regretted—from his heirs.

In Grandmamma Washington's eyes this youngster was a paragon. The girls were glad when he was under notice, since it deferred their own dread hour of exhibition. Our great-aunt said she had never recovered from her alarm at being perched by Mrs. Washington upon a cross-stitch tabouret and bid to sing "Ye Dalian God" to the general, who gravely nodded time. Ah, me! the lapse of years! Hard it was to identify the "Miss Nancy" who romped and ran over corridors and lawns with Nelly Custis in the stern-visaged, hawk-eyed old lady—Miss Nancy still—who lived in the ancient brick house in King street, Alexandria, where her young relatives must needs leave their posies outside the street-door because their great-aunt could not abide the scent of any flower. Miss Herbert was a picturesque figure in the ante-bellum days of Alexandrian society; a social autocrat, kindly, despite her severity of mien. She had removed to live at Vaucluse, a few miles out of town, and shortly after the beginning of the war in 1861 was, with her sister and their servants, notified that the place would be used as a site for Union fortifications. When the time came to vacate the house, the old lady sat dumb and stricken in her chair, heedless of all entreaties to arouse herself to action. In this chair she was finally carried between two soldiers, and not ungently placed in the vehicle waiting at the door to conduct the sisters to a place of safety with friends in Alexandria. She died in Alexandria at an advanced age not long after this event.



G. W. P. CUSTIS. (PAINTING OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

The chapter of Nelly Custis's relations with her adoptive father is a perfectly rounded whole, of which Washington's biographers have made less than it deserves. No one born among her Virginian relatives and the descendants of her contemporaries in Fairfax County could fail to be impressed with the softening and inspiring influence of her lovely life. Her niece, Mrs. Lee of Arlington, spoke of her as beautiful in face and form, tender and loving in disposition, and of a quick and active wit. However careworn or apparently unapproachable Washington might be, Nelly could always win a smile from him. Standing on tiptoe to hold the button of his coat, she would pour out her girlish confidences about balls and beaus, gowns and ribbons. His letter to her on the occasion of her first ball at Georgetown is Chesterfieldian in its stilted courtesy, yet practical enough in the matter of how "Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster," having caught her "hare," shall serve him. "When the fire is beginning to kindle," says he, "and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character—a man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, a drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live," etc. All of these questions would seem to have



SUGAR-BOWL BELONGING TO A DINNER-SET PRESENTED TO MARTHA WASHINGTON BY LAFAYETTE.



MRS. LAURENCE LEWIS (NELLY CUSTIS). (FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

been satisfactorily solved by the young beauty when she gave her hand to Laurence Lewis, son of Washington's sister Elizabeth. At their wedding, on February 22, 1798, Nelly pleaded with the general to grace the day by wearing his "grand embroidered uniform." To this request the chief, though smiling, shook his head, compromising with his tyrant by bestowing on her the splendid military plume given him by General Pinckney, as well as the harpsichord still standing now at Mount Vernon. When the hour came the tall majestic figure emerged from his bedroom clad in the old, worn Continental blue and buff, and Nelly, clinging to his neck, told him she loved him better so. Thus equipped he stood behind

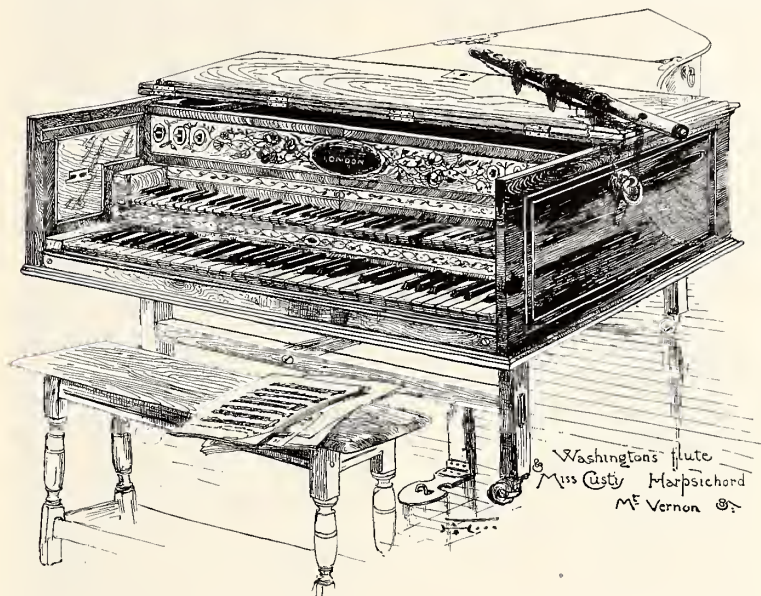
the bride, and at the appointed moment gave the pretty, blushing creature, with her wild-rose cheeks and dark and liquid eyes, into the keeping of his trusted nephew Laurence.

To assure his nephew of his devise to him by will of two thousand acres of land, on which he might at once (in September, 1799) begin to build, thus providing for the young couple a home near Mount Vernon, was one of the last acts of business in Washington's life. At his death, in the following December, his favorite Nelly, with her newborn babe beside her, lay in her chamber at Mount Vernon. There is no record as to whether the general had the pleasure of taking the child in his arms before he

lay down to his eternal sleep.¹ Such aspects of the character of Washington—the remembrance of his “dearest Patsey’s” miniature, worn through life around his neck; of the love, passing a brother’s, that he bore for Greene, for Knox, for Lafayette, for Nelson, for Robert Morris, for George Fairfax—incline one to think twice before accepting the modern creed that his was a heart of ice.

I do not purpose to enter into details about what we in the South call “family company” at Mount Vernon. As well attempt to impose

A life-long visitor at Mount Vernon had been that favorite divine and witty comrade, the Rev. Lee Massey of Pohick Church. He had succeeded Parson Green, first rector of Truro Parish, one of those card-playing, horse-racing representatives of the colonial Church over whom Bishops Meade and Johns, from the stronghold of their own pure religion and undefiled, used to lament in later days. Mr. Green had, nevertheless, his corner at the fire-sides of Mount Vernon, Belvoir, and Gunston, and, could Thackeray have captured him, would



upon an unoffending public a table of Virginian genealogy. Friends may come and go, but cousins go on forever in our State. Kinsmen there were who rode up to the gate, hallooed for grooms, and stabled their steeds with unshaken confidence in their own acceptability. Second cousins once-removed unpacked their band-boxes in the spare chambers. Pretty Dandridges and Custises and Washingtons put on their patches before the high-swung mirrors. Occasionally was seen there Mrs. Fielding Lewis, Washington's “Sister Betty,” a lady so like her illustrious brother that it was a family jest to throw around her a military cloak, put a cocked hat on her head, and file by, saluting her as “general.” Her son Laurence it was who married Nelly Custis; and her great-grandson Colonel Edward Parke Custis Lewis is the present minister of the United States to Portugal.

¹ The mother of Mrs. Laurence Lewis and of G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington, who was the girl bride of John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son, married Dr. Stuart of Virginia soon after her first

be now a fly in amber embalmed in the pages of “The Virginians”! Parson Massey was of finer metal far; he had been ordained in London by Lord Bishop Porteous, was handsome, cultivated, and eloquent. He married a lady noted for the exuberance of her temper; and his success in converting her into a Patient Griselda won him applause among the husbands in Virginia. However tempted any of these gentlemen might feel to challenge the soundness of his doctrine in the pulpit, none were heard to demur to Mr. Massey's well-known domestic maxim that “a bride should be taken down while she wears her wedding-slippers.” Parson Massey's follower in the pulpit of Pohick was the Rev. Charles Kemp, a worthy man and an excellent scholar, of whom, unfortunately, sad traditions still hover around the county, showing him to have been over-fond of the cup compounded of French brandy and that

husband's death. She had two older daughters, married respectively to Mr. Law, a brother of Lord Ellenborough, and to Mr. Peter. All of these ladies, with their husbands, were frequently at Mount Vernon.



MARTHA WASHINGTON. (FROM AN ENGRAVING IN SPARKS'S "LIFE OF WASHINGTON," AFTER A PAINTING BY WOOLASTON.)

plant said to flourish best on the grave of a good Virginian—in other words, mint-julep. A sad lapse from clerical dignity caused the retirement into private life of poor Mr. Kemp, who proved a better pedagogue than preacher, successfully thereafter birching Latin and Greek into a couple of generations of F. F. V.'s. Ere this event, however, the Washingtons had betaken themselves to be parishioners of Christ Church in Alexandria, and were sitting under the hour-glass pulpit in which the Rev. Bryan Fairfax preached the sermons, now in their tawny old age more revered than read by his descendants. Mr. Fairfax was esteemed by the county ladies to have a very pretty taste in literature. He had made several translations in verse from the French tongue, and had written an Oriental love-tale in a series of letters to Usbek from his friend Nessir in Ispahan. This romance, handed about in manuscript among the elect, the good gentleman would, if urged, read aloud to the circle at Mount Ver-

non—his daughter, Miss Sally, snuffing the candles and leading in the claque. Parson Fairfax, when in 1798 he went to England to make good his claim to be the eighth Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, is thus described by one of his cousins at Leeds Castle: "He was a portly, handsome man, wearing a full suit of purple, the custom of the clergy of Virginia." The Rev. Bryan, Lord Fairfax, and his son Thomas were the last visitors to Mount Vernon who are mentioned in the general's diary but a few days before his short and fatal illness; they returned to lead the procession of mourners to the tomb.

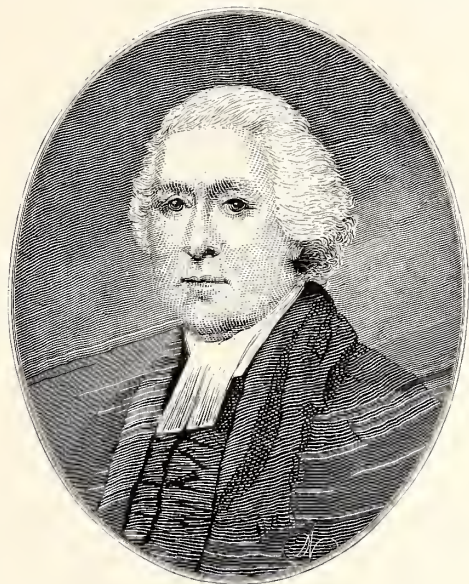
But of all the clericos, particularly welcome to the young people were the meteoric appearances at Mount Vernon of the Rev. Mason Weems, whose arrival was sure to set house and plantation in a grin—poor, dear Parson Weems, whose claim upon the title-page of his quaint "Life of Washington, with curious anecdotes, equally honorable to himself and exemplary to his young countrymen," to style

himself "rector of Mount Vernon Parish" is gently but firmly demolished by Bishop Meade. First seen in the neighborhood of Alexandria as a book-peddler for a Philadelphia firm, driving his own chaise and fiddling at every stopping, by nothing was he so much pleased as when he could set roadside groups to capering. Once, hidden behind the calico curtain of a puppet show, the parson supplied the music for Punch and Judy. Weems was the ideal of a strolling preacher, having been actually ordained to be a clergyman.¹ The joy of Cuff and Cupid, some of his exhortations were alarmingly apt to plunge white hearers into mirth unquenchable. The black people fairly reveled in seeing him wag his pow, in pulpit or out of it. Although not always to be trusted as an historian of their proceedings, he was on terms of good-fellowship with the clergy and the gentry of the State. In addition to the "Washington," which contains the original story of the cherry-tree and the hatchet,—as well as that long religious conversation between little George and the gentleman frequently apostrophized with "High, pa!" on the subject of his name sown in cress upon the garden bed,—the "fiddling parson" published a "Life of Marion," also "The Drunkard's Mirror." He was a great interpreter of dreams, and could tell fortunes by coffee-grounds and cards. At the time of the French Revolution he parted with his pig-tail, and imported the tune of "Ça ira," to play upon his fiddle before the cross-roads audiences. Despite his eccentricity, Mr. Weems was recognized to be a good and self-denying man. Madam Washington, who in an adapted epitaph is by him extolled to the skies as his benefactress, was unfailingly kind to the queer gentleman—always contriving to give him a double spoonful of egg sauce when it fell to her to carve the chickens.

A sharp contrast to the country folk were the foreign visitors who from time to time brought letters of introduction to Mount Vernon. These courtiers, exhaling perfume, taking snuff with womanish finger-tips, putting their heels together for a bow, smirking, eulogizing, amused the Virginians mightily. After the Revolution there were frequent arrivals of statesmen and diplomatists from home and from abroad, though a journey to Virginia from New York in those days was as much of an enterprise as jumping aboard a Cunarder to make a three-days' visit at an English country house would now be. There came even "a celebrated authoress and champion of liberty," Mistress Catharine Macaulay Graham, who "crossed the Atlantic on purpose to testify in her own person her ad-

miration of the character and deeds of Washington." We cannot but suppose the day of her advent at Mount Vernon to have been one of those occasions when, leaving Mr. Lear and the ladies to serve as chorus to his praiseful guest, Washington went early to his bed.

Most callers, of course, were from Alexandria, once Belhaven, now a prosperous commer-



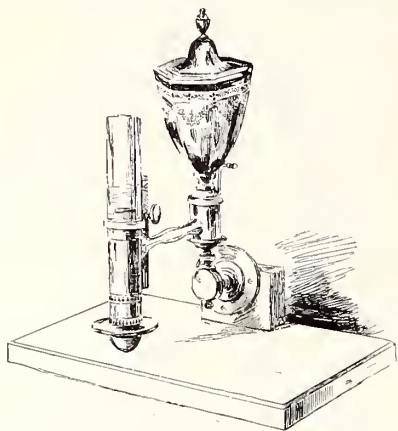
BRYAN, EIGHTH LORD FAIRFAX.

cial center—its citizens, to quote Washington, "Federal to a man." The town was well sprinkled with the general's old officers, who took delight in fighting the battles of the Revolution over again and again while puffing their pipes of the choice Virginian leaf, on chairs atilt in the Mount Vernon portico. The rising lawyer of the place was Colonel Charles Simms, who, having fought with credit as an officer of the 6th Regiment of the Virginia line, and marrying, while in camp at Valley Forge, the daughter of a Tory sire, Major Douglas of Trenton, had chosen Alexandria as his home. Rapidly becoming one of the leading jurists of the State, Colonel Simms already held several positions of honor; he was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and a pall-bearer at the funeral of Washington.

Colonel William Payne, also late of the Continental army, "a cub in size, but a lion at heart," as he is styled by Weems, was the same little gentleman who years before, in an election contest over a seat in the House of Burgesses,—in which Washington supported George William Fairfax, Payne another,—had knocked down Colonel Washington in the market-place of Alexandria. The latter was in the wrong, and next day apologized to his doughty assailant.

¹ See the chapter in the life of Mason L. Weems told in "The Critical Period of American History," by John Fiske, p. 83.

Of a pleasant scene, long after this event, we have the naïve recital, quoted by Weems as coming from Payne. It was immediately after the war, when the conquering hero had returned to live at Mount Vernon, that his old adversary resolved to pay him his respects. "As I drew near the house I began to experience a rising fear lest he should call to mind the blow



WASHINGTON'S LAMP, NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

I had given him in former days. However, animating myself, I pushed on. Washington met me at the door with a smiling welcome, and presently led me into an adjoining room where Mrs. Washington sat. 'Here, my dear,' said he, presenting me to his lady—'here is the little man you have so often heard me talk of—and who, in a difference between us one day, had the resolution to knock me down, big as I am. I know you will honor him as he deserves, for I assure you he has the heart of a true Virginian'; and Mrs. Washington looked at him, I thought, with a something in her eyes which showed that he appeared to her greater and lovelier than ever."

Payne continued to be Washington's warm friend through life, was often at Mount Vernon,—where it is recorded that he played chess with the ladies,—and at the funeral of Washington was selected to be a pall-bearer.

Still another ex-soldier living in Alexandria was Major Henry Piercy, late aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, and at his side in every battle but the final assault at Yorktown, having been, the day before, carried wounded from the field. The gallant Piercy, having allied himself with Mary Burroughs, the charming grandniece of Lord Sherlock, made with his wife an important addition to the society of the town. He too had the right to wear the golden eagle on his heart.

Other friends were the Dulanys of Shuter's Hill, the Johnstons of West Grove, good Dr. Craik and his daughters, the Hunters, Dades,

Ramsays, Fitzhughs, Wests, Stuarts, Dr. Dick's family, and a score besides.

The society of Alexandria, always conservative, had not in 1788–89 parted with its aristocratic flavor. The Fairfaxes, though withdrawn perforce into their Tory shell, had stamped strongly upon the place they helped to found certain outward fashions of the Georgian court. The Washingtons, Masons, Carlyles, and other patriotic families had not seen fit to dismiss their Old World habits, and still clung to the hair-powder and silk stockings, outriders and fine equipages, imported a trifle after date from England. Long years after the new century was well advanced, such waifs and strays of past grandeur continued to be seen in Alexandria. These eyes have beheld there, just before our war, stopping the way in front of the principal haberdashery of King street, Cinderella's chariot, pumpkin-colored, high-swung, an ancient negro in rusty livery seated upon the box, and all plentifully splashed with Fairfax County mud—to recall it now is like touching the key of a leathery old spinet!

During these years of quiet many minor schemes engaged Washington's attention. Through Lafayette he promised her Imperial Majesty to secure a vocabulary of certain Indian tribes on the frontier, but besought the great lady to have patience with the time consumed in getting it. On February 8, 1787, he inclosed to R. H. Lee the plan of the Countess of Huntingdon to evangelize the Indians of the Western territory, a voluminous manuscript, sent through Sir James Jay, which Washington apologizes for *not copying*, on the ground that he is much pressed in correspondence. It is to be feared the good countess got little comfort from her Indians, whatever she may have derived from the courtesy of Lee and Washington.

Although his reading was chiefly military or agricultural, Washington dipped now and then into belles-lettres. The same faithful Dickey Lee to whom once, in childish round-hand, he had written, "I am going to get a whip-top, and you may see it and whip it too," has left a letter wherein Washington acknowledges a certain "packet," regretting that his "want of knowledge of the language" prevents him from forming an opinion of his own about the "dramatic performances" of "Monsieur Serviteur le Barbier."

The general's charities were of the least conspicuous yet most judicious character. Careful in minute expenditure, he was never known to turn a deaf ear to the county poor—and their number was not small—who begged of him audience. For their use he kept a granary on the estate filled with corn, and a boat with seine moored in one of his best her-

ring-fisheries. Governor Johnson cites an example of his secret bounty to a number of miserably poor mountaineers in the neighborhood of one of the "Virginia Springs," to whom the baker of the place was ordered to supply a daily dole of bread without revealing the giver's name, which was found out, quite by chance, to be that of Washington. His foundation of the school for boys in Alexandria, mentioned in his will, was a boon heartily appreciated then, and even now, by his townspeople.

No sketch of Washington's home life should omit mention of his servants. Chief among these, dean of the corps in point of dignity and right of precedence, was Bishop, the English soldier who had been Braddock's body-servant at the fatal Monongahela, and was by him dying commended to the care of Washington. Bishop literally grew gray in the service of Mount Vernon, marrying there, and living in a house on the estate till his death, at the age of eighty-odd years. As he got on in life, the ex-militaire became something whimsical: more than once Washington fell upon the too transparent device of bidding him seek elsewhere for a master if not satisfied with him. But the old fox held his own; and to his retreat choice bits continued to be sent from the house-table, while all visitors made a point of paying their respects to him. Bishop will be remembered as the go-between of Cupid in the humble capacity of holding Washington's horse while the smitten colonel tarried at Mr. Chamberlayne's house in conversation with the widow Custis. He was also present at the colonel's marriage by the Rev. Dr. Mossom, January 6, 1759, in old St. Peter's Church, New Kent; and at the festivities after that event, at the White House, on the Pamunkey River, in the counties of King William and New Kent. He was esteemed too old to follow his master in the Revolution, and by that time, indeed, had settled into life quarters at Mount Vernon.

Billy, or Will, Lee, the mulatto ex-huntsman of the Fairfax County chase, pompous and alert, stood behind his master's chair at meals. Off duty, it was his pride, especially with military visitors, to assume an easy air of intimacy with the executive proceedings of the Revolutionary War. He had transient glory at Monmouth as commander of a mounted corps of officers' valets, and in the heat of the battle had brought a laugh to the lips of Washington. Billy, exploiting his volunteers and taking observations of the enemy through his master's telescope until suddenly put to flight by an uncivil British shot, was irresistible. He survived Washington many years, was freed and provided for by his master's will, but lived on

at Mount Vernon, making shoes but enriched by the fees of visitors, until his death from the effects of too much to eat and to drink.

Daddy Jack, the fisherman, was a characteristic feature of a Virginian plantation. He was an aged negro, as gray of tint and as dry in texture as the lichen on a dead tree. His claim to be "mos' a hund'ed, chile," was accepted without question. Jack told many weird stories of his debut in life as the son of an African king, with chapters of fire and bloodshed, in which his father's fall before the sword and his own capture and forced voyage to America were touched with lurid tints. Time out of mind the old fellow had done nothing but sit in his canoe moored in the bright water of the Potomac, off the Mount Vernon landing, with his nose upon his knees, fishing or dozing, according to his fancy. When the cooks were ready to prepare the fish course at a meal, they were wont to go down to the bank and call out until answered, "Daddy Ja-ack! Oh! Daddy Jack!" Sometimes the old fellow would turn upon his persecutors with the cry, "Wot you all mek such a debbil of a noise for, hey? I warn't 'sleep; only noddin'!"

A concomitant of African Jack was dusky Davis the hunter, whose business it was to supply the table of the chief with game. Birds, squirrels, wild turkeys, "molly cotton-tails," the wily 'possum, *bonne bouche* of negro banquets, fell abundantly before Tom's destroying musket, a relic of the war. As for canvas-back ducks, so many of them yielded up the ghost in their feeding-grounds along the river that the larders of Mount Vernon were overstocked. Of the household only the general remained constant to this dainty, which he cooked in a chafing-dish and ate with hominy and a glass of good Madeira. Old Tom Davis, weather-beaten and hearty, carrying his gun and pouch, his body wrapped with strings of game, his dogs at heel, was long a familiar spectacle of the woods on the estate.

"Black Cary," a negro, freed by the terms of Washington's will, lived to the reputed age of a hundred and fourteen years in the city of Washington. This old fellow's stock in trade was, naturally, his past connection with the family at Mount Vernon. He levied tribute on the strength of it, exacting from his own race the deference paid to a king in exile. So long as he was able to limp about, his habit was to put on ancient military finery, and wearing a huge cockaded *chapeau-bras*, ally himself with every procession led by a brass band. His funeral was famous in the chronicles of African aristocracy in those parts, where "colored" funerals are pageants. Others of the scattered freedmen of Washington's personal estate have been reported to be in activity, inside or out

of dime museums, ever since the century set in. The chief's admirable care for his servants is fully shown by his will and other writings. No master could have been more provident for their future, more considerate of their daily wants.¹

To stop and parley with his faithful henchmen formed one of the pleasures of his daily ride. The sovereign of a system genuinely feudal was the master of one of those great eighteenth-century plantations in Virginia. Happy he who, like Washington, could induce the intolerable curse of slavery to wear the semblance of a blessing.

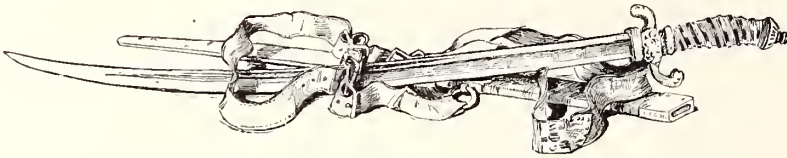
Thus, surrounded by friends who loved them and dependents whose lives they continually brightened, it made little difference to sober people in the afternoon of life, like the general and his wife, that society about their home had lost something of pre-revolutionary sparkle. Already the ebb-tide of Virginia's glory had set in, and the class inspired by Jefferson, whom

the ladies of Mount Vernon scrupled not to call "those filthy Democrats," had begun their work of image-breaking in the stronghold of colonial aristocracy. Such as it was, Washington's State was knit into the fibers of his heart.

So, when a century has lapsed, her sons and daughters look tenderly upon Virginia wrapping around her poverty and sorrow the tattered remnants of a glorious past; and in her behalf a noble voice has spoken to all Americans in these words:

Virginia gave us this imperial man,
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman.
What shall we give her back but love and praise,
As in the dear old unestranged days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him.

Constance Cary Harrison.



WASHINGTON'S SWORD, NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.



WINDOW OF THE KENNEDY HOUSE, NO. 1 BROADWAY,
FORMERLY WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK IN 1789.

IN the metropolis—which, however, it behooves us to remember, was then but a plain and sober-sided little town, unable to conceal the ravages of repeated fires and lying in chief part below the present City Hall—every house was packed with visitors; the finest gentlemen and most "elegant females" of the land were content to squeeze themselves into mouse-holes for the privilege of the inauguration week in town. "We shall remain here, even if we have to sleep in tents, as so many will have to do," pattered a charming Miss Ingersoll in a letter to her gossip, Miss Sally McKean in Philadelphia, who was

¹ It was once reported in the army that certain captured dispatches from the general were found upon the person of a runaway slave belonging to him. Somebody mustered courage to ask Washington if this was true. "Sir," said the chief, coldly, "I never had a slave run away from me."



PORTRAIT OF MARTHA WASHINGTON. (FROM AN UNFINISHED PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART.)

afterwards the wife of the Spanish marquis and minister, D'Yrujo.

Another enthusiast confides to her absent family, "I have seen him! And I should have known at a glance that it was General Washington. I never saw a being that looked so great and noble as he does. I could fall on my knees before him, and bless him for the good he has done this country."

To eyes accustomed from boyhood, like Washington's, to open daily upon the shining reaches of a river, there was comfort in the beautiful bits of water view from the east windows of the residence provided for him in what is now Franklin Square. Opposite were seen the April-clad shores of Long Island, and, farther away, laughed the bright waters of a peerless bay.

*The President of the United States
and M.^{rs} Washington, request the Pleasure of*

Company to Dine, on _____, next, at _____ o'clock.

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An answer is requested.

The furniture and fittings of the President's new home were, with the recent additions, an improvement upon those belonging to Mrs. Osgood (she that was widow Franklin), whose first husband, a rich Quaker, had built the house.¹ Handsome but simple, they were afterwards supplemented by pictures, vases, silver, and curtains sent round by packet from Mount Vernon. Six days after the President's installation in his rural dwelling occurred the imposing ceremonies of the inauguration. No heart could have asked for a broader smile than that bestowed by the rising sun of the 30th of April.

A week after the inauguration, on May 7, was held the ball at the City Assembly Rooms on the east side of Broadway, near Wall street. Here pretty pages offered to dames and damsels upon entering—so tradition says—a fan of Paris make, its ivory frame containing a profile likeness of the President, and here Washington was seen to dance two cotillons and a minuet. A week later, on May 14, was given Count de Moustier's fête, to be absent from which would have been to argue one's self a nobody, or at very least a Tory. For this ball the inventive genius of the hostess, the count's sister, Madame la Marquise de Bréhan, was fully taxed. The little French lady, described by General Armstrong as "a singular, whimsical,

hysterical old woman, whose delight is playing with a negro child and caressing a monkey," was no great favorite with the New York dames, who laughed at her and ate her dinners after a fashion that has not gone out of vogue. But her decorations were enchanting. People wandered about gaining peeps of fairyland till the quadrilles were danced, and then began a scene bewildering in its beauty, where the red, red rose of France and the bluebells, symbolizing the color of Columbia, were blended with scarlet regimentals and uniforms of buff and blue, cerulean gauzes, and floating scarfs of rosy tulle. Eight gentlemen, in French and American uniforms, danced with eight ladies, typifying the countries of Washington and Lafayette. It is rather amusing to read, as a pendant to this opening revelry, that the supper, served from a long table running from end to end of the room, and displayed upon shelves



RICHMOND HILL, FIRST RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

covering the inner wall, consisted of "cakes, oranges, apples, wine of all sorts, ice-creams, etc., and highly lighted up." And also, that the

¹ The house referred to had been the residence of Walter Franklin. [See cut, page 818, and note, page 821.] The gardens occupied the space now called Franklin Square. The Franklins were a well-known family in the early history of New York: one of them was married to De Witt Clinton, another to George Clinton; they were Quakers, and the progenitors of Rear-Admiral Samuel Rhoads Franklin and his brother, General W. B. Franklin.

We are indebted to Admiral Franklin for the following letter, written on the day of General Washington's inauguration:

NEW YORK, 30th of the Fourth Month, 1789.

Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of General Washington; an elegant barge decorated with an awning of satin, 12 oarsmen dressed in white frocks and blue ribbons went down to E. Town [Elizabethtown] last fourth day [Wednesday] to bring him up. A stage was erected at the Coffee house wharf, with a carpet for him to step on, where a company of Light horse, one of artillery, and most of the inhabitants were waiting to receive

him; they paraded through Queen street in great form, while the music of the drums and the ringing of the bells were enough to stun one with the noise. Previous to his coming, Uncle Walter's house in Cherry street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Kitty Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to take a look at it. The best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and china I ever saw; the whole of the first and second stories is papered and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The house did honour to my aunts and Lady Kitty, they spared no pains nor expense on it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it, accordingly they pitched on their wives as being likely to do it better. I have not yet done, my dear. Is thee not almost tired? The evening after His Excellency arrived, there was a general illumination took place, except among friends (Quakers) and those styled Anti-Federalists. The latters' windows suffered some, thou may imagine. As soon as the General has sworn in, a grand exhibition of fireworks is to be displayed, which, it is expected, is to be to-morrow. There is scarcely anything talked about now but General Washington and the Palace. . . .

Write soon to thy affectionate cousin,

SARAH ROBINSON.

KITTY F. WISTAR.

"height of the jollity" was "at 10 o'clock!"¹

In the absence of Mrs. Washington the arbiter of the President's domestic arrangements was the invaluable Samuel Fraunces, who forsook other dignities to assume that of steward of the household. On May 7, 1789, the "New York Packet" contained an official announcement from this personage, warning all shopkeepers that to "servants and others employed to secure provisions for the household of the President of the United States monies will be furnished for the purpose," and that no accounts were to be opened with any of them. That the first President could not claim entire immunity from the minor ills of life we find in his advertisement for a cook and a coachman, which held the columns of the "New York Packet" during at least three weeks:



MRS. JOHN ADAMS AT THE AGE OF 22. (AFTER A PAINTING BY BLYTHE.)

A Cook is wanted for the Family of the President of the United States. No one need apply who is not perfect in the business, and can bring indubitable testimonials of sobriety, honesty, and attention to the duties of the station.

A Coachman, who can be well recommended for his skill in Driving, attention to Horses, and for his honesty, sobriety, and good disposition, would likewise find employment in the Family of the President of the United States.

"Fraunces," writes Washington to Lear, after removal to Philadelphia, whither the ex-boniface did not accompany him, "besides being an excellent cook, knowing how to provide genteel dinners, and giving aid in dressing them, prepared the dessert and made the cake." But Fraunces, despite these accomplishments, was not so great an economist as the President desired to see him. Goaded by the criticisms of the anti-Federalists upon his taste for splendor, Washington mounted his first establishment in New York upon what seem to us very simple lines. No more servants were kept than were absolutely required by the family. The old abundant living of Mount Vernon,

where fish, flesh, and fowl were yielded by Nature at his doors, became a thing of the past. The purchase by Fraunces at the Fly Market of an early shad for the sum of two dollars was the occasion of a stern rebuke from the President, who on ascertaining the price of the dainty ordered the steward to carry it from his table. Custis remembered how, on such occasions, faithful "black Sam,"² bound by every tie of regard to the chief,—his daughter Phoebe having during the war, as was believed, saved Washington's life by the exposure of a plot to poison him,—with swelling heart and tearful eyes used to withdraw into an ante-room declaring that at any cost he would continue to keep up the credit of the house by "serving his Excellency's table as it ought to be." Judge Wingate's description of Washington's dinner of ceremony on the day following Mrs. Washington's arrival in New York sets forth a frugal feast, the chief's own share of which was limited to the uninspiring diet of a slice of plain boiled mutton. After this, one

¹ To do our predecessors justice in the matter of providing, I may quote an account, found in an old newspaper, of the programme for a New York ball. The invitation, printed upon the back of a playing-card, as was a common practice, ran: "Mrs. Johnson—At Home—December 12—An Answer—Quadrilles at ten." Soon after the assembling of the guests, black waiters appeared bearing trays with "tea, coffee, hot milk, plum, pound, and queen cake, bread and butter, and toast." Next a fresh relay of "spoons and empty plates go jingling round," and "green sweetmeats with preserved ginger" were consumed. Lemonade and wine were drunk; then came a course of "peaches, apples, pears, with sangaree and wine." At this period gentlemen resorted to the card-tables, and certain ladies

to the piano, to delight the audience with "Ye Shepherds fond" or selections from the Italian operas. Again the waiters, with "pyramids of red and white ice-cream, with punch, and liqueurs, rose, cinnamon, parfait amour." Then was formed the first cotillon, at the close of which "dried fruits, almonds, raisins, nuts, and wine" were passed. After an interval all too short, "bon-bons, mottoes, confitures, sugar-plums" appeared, and—last act of this woful tragedy, which, till now, had been what is innocently called in the Colorado vernacular a "lap-party"—the guests were summoned to "a full supper of sandwiches, tongues, hams, chickens, and pickled oysters."

² So called because of his dark complexion.



LADY KITTY DUER. (FROM A PAINTING BY LAWSON, IN POSSESSION OF THE REV. DR. BEVERLEY R. BETTS.)

can better understand the precautionary measures taken by the French minister, Count de Moustier, who had been present at the presidential banquet, when the superfine gourmet was subsequently bidden to accept the hospitalities of the Vice-President at Richmond Hill.

In the center of the table sat Vice-President Adams, in full dress, with bag and solitaire, his hair frizzed out on each side of his head as you see it in Stuart's old picture of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr. Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite sat Mrs. Adams with her cheerful, intelligent face. She was placed between the courtly Count de Moustier, the French ambassador, in his red-heeled shoes and ear-rings, and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr. Van Berkel, the learned and able envoy of Holland. Here too was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of life, so deaf as to make conversation with him difficult, yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence, and information that while listening to him the difficulty was forgotten. The

¹ From "The Talisman" of 1829, a now rare annual, edited by an imaginary "Francis Herbert," and chiefly written by Gulian C. Verplanck, William C. Bryant, and Robert C. Sands.

rest were members of Congress and of our legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men.

Being able to talk French, a rare accomplishment in America at that time, a place was assigned to me next the count. De Moustier, after taking a little soup, kept an empty plate before him, took now and then a crumb of bread into his mouth, and declined all the luxuries of the table that were pressed upon him, from the roast beef to the lobsters. We were all in perplexity to know how the count could dine, when at length his own body-cook, in a clean white-linen cap, a clean white tablier, and a brilliantly white damask serviette flung over his arm, and a warm pie of truffles and game in his hand, came bustling eagerly through the crowd of waiters and placed it before the count, who, reserving a moderate share, distributed the rest among his neighbors, of whom being one I can attest the truth of the story and the excellence of the pâté.¹

After a fortnight of May weather had somewhat eased the heaviness of the roads, Mrs. Washington set out from Mount Vernon in her carriage with her Custis grandchildren, Eleanor and Washington, to join the President. The otherwise tedious journey was made pleasant all along the route by expressions of love and loyalty.

The contrast between her husband's early and late experience at Trenton was not more strongly marked than that of Mrs. Washington at Philadelphia. Here, when in the earliest days of the war she had tarried on her way to join her husband at Cambridge, so outspoken was the feeling against Washington in certain quarters that a ball to be given by the grandees of the place was postponed to avoid including her. Now the world was in her sling. Escorted by military and caressed by friendship, she passed through the town. At Elizabethtown Point the President came to meet his family, with the same pleasure-barge and crew used for his own reception. More music, more flowers, more cannon, more salvos of applause. On the morning after Mrs. Washington's installation in the Franklin house, Cherry street was crowded with fine chariots, horses, and liveries, the elect of fashion hastening to bow and courtesy before the modest Virginian, whose heart was in the highlands of her beloved Potomac. For in verity the good lady did not enjoy her eminence and the constraints of grandeur. There is a naive and somewhat pathetic letter from her to Fanny Washington,

wife of the general's nephew Lund (left at Mount Vernon as manager), in which occur the following passages:

I live a very dull life here, and know nothing that passes in the town. I never go to any public place; indeed, I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else. There are certain bounds for me which I must not depart from, and as I cannot do as I like I am obstinate, and stay at home a great deal. . . . I send to dear Maria a piece of *chêné* to make her a frock, and a piece of muslin which I hope is long enough for an apron for you. In exchange for it I beg you will give me a worked muslin apron you have, like my gown I made just before I left home, of worked muslin; as I wish to make a petticoat for my gown of the two aprons. . . . I send my dear Fanny a watch of newest fashion, such as Mrs. Adams, the Vice-President's lady, uses. It is of Mr. Lear's choosing, of flat gold, made by Lepine in Paris.

On all public occasions, whether driving with the President in her coach of cream and gold with the six horses and various outriders, or in receiving their friends at home, Mrs. Washington's thorough breeding was successful in concealing her distaste for the new estate; but, for aught we can decipher to the contrary, her "Friday evenings" were a trifle dull.

Mrs. Adams, the second lady in command of official precedence, was a bright, cheery, tactful woman, with a quick sense of the ridiculous and a ready gift of adaptation to her surroundings. Her letters from New York and Philadelphia about her accommodations and acquaintances are exceedingly good reading. She was at this time forty-five years old, not handsome, but of winning personality. Her home in New York was at Richmond Hill, the Jephson country-seat

on Greenwich road, which had been occupied by Washington during the war and was subsequently an abode of Aaron Burr.¹

Easily the sovereign of matters social in New York since the birth of the Republic had been Mrs. John Jay, formerly Sarah Van Brugh Livingston, wife of the first Chief-Justice appointed



SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON, WIFE OF JOHN JAY.
(FROM A MINIATURE MADE IN PARIS, 1782-3.)

by Washington for the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Jay's important relations

¹ In the "Francis Herbert" reminiscences of this beautiful spot Mr. de Vielcourt, rambling about New York in 1827, comes upon "a house of public entertainment," at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, which he identifies as the mansion of Richmond Hill, once standing on an eminence a hundred feet in height, overlooking the Hudson River and the Jersey coast. "The old gentleman seemed much disappointed to discover the present view confined to the opposite side of Varick street, and ragged boys playing at marbles on the sidewalk. 'Well,' said he, 'the view is gone, that's clear; but I can't understand how the house has got so much lower than formerly.'"

"I explained to my friend the omnipotence of the corporation," adds Mr. Herbert, "by which every high hill has been brought low, and every valley exalted, and by which, I presumed, this house had been abased to a level with its humbler neighbors, the hill on which it stood having been literally dug away from under it, and the house gently let down, without even disturbing its furniture, by the mechanical genius and dexterity of some of our eastern brethren."

"'This is wrong,' said the old gentleman. 'These New Yorkers seem to take a pleasure in defacing the monuments of the good old times, and in depriving themselves of all venerable and patriotic associations.'"



MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN. (FROM AN OLD DRAWING IN POSSESSION OF SAMUEL BORROWE TAKEN FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF JAMES W. BEEKMAN.)

to public affairs, his wife's influential family, their abundant acquaintance with the ways of high society abroad, their wealth and hospitality, made all eyes look to them for leadership. Their town house in lower Broadway, a three-story dwelling substantially built of hewn stone, more than any other of its class should have caught and held the perfume of the old New York régime. In its pleasant rooms again and again assembled all the gay and gallant folk whose names we are here recalling from the shadows of a century that deepen as they fall. For some years before the National Constitution gave to Americans a President, Mr. Jay had been Secretary for Foreign Affairs, an office entailing upon him the continual exercise of hospitality to the diplomats and the members of Congress in New York. Of his wife, at thirty-

three (in 1789), in the full bloom of her remarkable beauty, two pictures remain. One, with the tour and wreath of roses, reproduced on page 855, is from a miniature taken in Paris, and the other is a profile from a portrait by Robert Edge Pine, with the gypsy hat and milkmaid simplicity of dress made fashionable among *grandes dames* by Marie Antoinette. Like that hapless sovereign, too, Mrs. Jay had the wonderful complexion described by Mme. Vigée Lebrun as her "despair" in attempting to portray the queen. ("Brilliant is the only word to express what it was; for the skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow," wrote Mme. Lebrun about her royal sitter's coloring.) Mrs. Jay was said indeed so to resemble Marie Antoinette as to be once mistaken for her by the audience of a theater in Paris, who



FRAGMENT OF BROCADE WORN BY MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN
AT THE DE MOUSTIER BALL, APRIL, 1789. (OWNED
BY MISS EFFIE BEEKMAN BORROWE.)

on the entrance of the American beauty arose to do her homage. Through the courtesy of her grandson, the Hon. John Jay, I have examined the list in Mrs. Jay's own handwriting of persons invited to her suppers and dinners in 1787 and 1788, with the dates of the several entertainments, and the groups of guests present upon each occasion. This list may be regarded as a sort of *Almanach de Gotha* of the young Republic. Among Mrs. Jay's friends were Lady Catherine Duer and Lady Mary Watts, daughters of Lord Stirling; Mrs. Clinton, wife of the governor; Mrs. Montgomery; Mrs. Rutherford; Mrs. Cortlandt; Mrs. Kissam; Lady Christiana Griffen; Miss Van Berckel, the pretty daughter of the Dutch minister; Mrs. Ralph Izard; Mrs. Abigail Adams Smith; the Rensselaers; the Livingstons; Mrs. John Langdon; Madame de la Forest; Mrs. Rufus King; Mrs. Elbridge Gerry; Mrs. John Kean, born Susan Livingston, grandmother of the late Mrs. Hamilton Fish; Mrs. Thomson, wife of the

venerable Secretary of Congress; the admirable Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Lady Temple, formerly Miss Bowdoin of Massachusetts.¹ Mrs. James Beekman, *née* Keteltas, the sweet face in whose portrait is enframed in an odd little Puritan cap of gauze, worn sometimes with the evening dress of those times, was a belle of the De Moustier ball. By her great-great-granddaughter in New York is treasured the bit of old brocade here reproduced, a width of Mrs. Beekman's gown on that occasion.

Indispensable to the organization of every community seems to be an "original," upon whom the others may descant. In that capacity flourished portly Mrs. Knox, wife of the general and war secretary. Her sayings and doings were as much a part of tea and dinner table gossip as they would be if she lived today and belonged to the "four hundred."

And now for the town itself which was the home of our first President. To glance at the New York of 1789 through the spectacles of a newly arrived and, we suspect, disgruntled traveler, who had probably not yet ceased aching from his journey, I quote the letter of Governor John Page, a Virginia congressman:

This town is not half so large as Philadelphia, nor in any manner to be compared to it for beauty and elegance. Philadelphia, I am well assured, has more inhabitants than Boston and New York together. The streets are badly paved, dirty and narrow, as well as crooked and filled up with a strange variety of wooden, stone, and brick buildings, and full of hogs² and mud. The College, St. Paul's Church, and the Hospital are elegant buildings. The Federal Hall in Wall street is also elegant.

Scattered about the city, and at wider intervals in the wooded region of the upper portion of the island, were dwellings of stone, brick, and stucco, with balustraded roofs and massive timbers of English oak, the coat of arms of the owner above his door. Most of these homes, built by wealthy colonists, stood near the water, their gardens sloping to the river's edge. Such was the Walton house, the pride of old New York, until lately standing in Franklin Square, overtopped and jostled, in its dingy age. The Beekman house, till recently seen near Fiftieth street and First

¹ Of the men upon these lists I note Madison, Burr, Chancellor Livingston, Steuben, Paul Jones, Brissot de Warville, De Moustier, Gardoqui, Richard Henry Lee, Arthur Lee, General Henry Lee of Virginia, Schuyler, Morris, George Mason, Butler, Armstrong, Alsop, Duer, Rutledge, Clarkson, Cadwalader, Duane, Richard Harrison, Kemble, Varick, Van Horne, De Peyster, Bronson, Gansevoort, Varnum, Provoost, Walton, White, and Sedgwick, besides the husbands of the ladies mentioned, and others whose names are still familiar in New York drawing-rooms.

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² The late Mr. Gouverneur Morris told a story of a parade of disconsolate Whigs through the principal streets of New York, a part of the obsequies of President William Henry Harrison in 1841, when the ranks of the mourners, among whom Mr. Morris was, were charged upon by a stray hog—even then a not uncommon apparition in fashionable thoroughfares—just as the procession turned into Park Row. The upsetting of several of the elect and the general panic created by the invader were effectual in banishing the gloom of the occasion.

avenue, was an excellent specimen of early colonial architecture, and brimful of historical romance. During the occupation of New York by the British Lord Howe selected this house for his headquarters, and here the patriot Nathan Hale was sentenced to be hanged as a spy. On leaving, the family had hastily buried valuable silver and china in the garden, but some of Mrs. Beekman's gowns, etc., were left hanging in her wardrobe. These Lord Howe himself locked up, handing the key to a servant who had remained. When Mrs. Beekman returned, a few years afterwards, she found everything as she had left it, and some of her possessions thus preserved have descended to the daughters of her line, together with Chelsea and Bow shepherdesses that spent the years of British occupation under-ground. Here pretty Mrs. James Beekman served President Washington with lemonade made of fruit gathered in his presence from her famous lemon trees. Near the Beekman house, sometimes called "The Mount," Hale is said to have been hanged upon a butternut tree, that marked the fifth mile from Whitehall. The house was occupied in 1780 as headquarters by Baron Riedesel, whose wife described it as a delightful residence. There André passed his last night in New York. This old landmark was demolished about 1874, and its drawing-room mantelpiece, set with blue Dutch tiles, may be seen at the rooms of the Historical Society in Second avenue, New York. The Kennedy house, at No. 1 Broadway, was built by a captain in the Royal Navy, who married a member of the De Peyster family and became afterwards eleventh Earl of Cassilis. The De Peyster house in Pearl street, a substantial dwelling built of stuccoed brick, is better known as Washington's headquarters in the Revolutionary War. The Murray house, called Belmont, on the "Middle Road," now Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street (hence Murray Hill), was screened from view by groves and avenues and surrounded by famous gardens. At Thirty-fourth street and Second avenue stood the Kip mansion, near which were the country-seats of the Watts and the Keteltas. Far away in the remote country the English manor-house of Colonel Thorne was built, in the present region of Ninth avenue and Ninety-second street.

Of the old Rutgers house, situated near Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, we read an amusing story of a wedding-party in 1788. One of the guests, a gentleman who was to take a packet sailing for Wilmington at daylight, remained at the house till the unprecedented hour of 11 o'clock at night, then, with a servant to show him the way through an adjacent huckleberry swamp, set forth to reach his lodg-

ings; but losing the path, and the moon going down, he wandered all night amid thorns and briars, emerging at dawn with his clothes nearly torn off.

A favorite drive led along Second avenue, where, over a tell-tale little brook that listened and then ran away to blab to the East River, at our present Fifty-fourth street, was the Kissing Bridge. At this point the etiquette of Gotham's forefathers exacted of the gentleman driving the "Italian chaise," or sleigh of highest fashion, "a salute to the lady who had put herself under his protection!" The "fourteen-mile round," mentioned in the diary of Washington as the extent of his "exercise with Mrs. Washington and the children in the coach between breakfast and dinner," followed the "Old Boston road" to McGowan's Pass. Thence the horses turned into the Bloomingdale road, skirting the Hudson, where a friend's house, here and there, invited to rest and sangaree. Sometimes Mrs. Washington's coach took the easterly direction, to the old Morrisania house, where Colonel and Mrs. Lewis Morris (Miss Elliot of South Carolina) lived, their windows looking upon the boisterous cross-currents of the Harlem Kills.

Lacking Tuxedo and the Country Club, the swells of 1789 were quite content to take their winter outings in sleighs with jingling cowbells, bringing up at a tavern on the Bloomingdale road, where the orchestra, black Caesar with his grin and his three-stringed fiddle, was waiting. Shaking off straw and furs, wraps and patters, the ladies had no sooner swallowed cups of tea than they were whisked into line for the Virginia reel, over against a row of cavaliers arrayed with back-seam coat-buttons coming beneath their shoulder-blades, who cut the pigeon-wing in square-toed pumps. Then what life, what joyous frisking!

Truth compels me to add that hot tea was not the only beverage on draught. Imagination reels beneath the variety of potent drinks on record, although the company broke up in time to reach town by 9 o'clock, after which hour no self-respecting young woman would for worlds be seen abroad! Punch, more sparingly sipped in the presence of the fair sex, was brewed for men-folk in a mighty china bowl. An old club-man thus depicts the masculine symposia at certain taverns of repute: "Into the punch went old Jamaica, cognac, refined sugar, lime-juice, water from the old tea-water pump" (the resort of the town, that stood in Chat-ham street), "and a few slices of Seville oranges floating on the top. It was brought in by the landlord, who, to show that the mixture was not drugged, would pause upon the threshold, holding up the bowl, and bawling out, 'Gentlemen, here's your very agreeable

health!' take a long, strong pull himself. Landlord Simmons, who kept the porter-house at the corner of Wall and Nassau, was our greatest hand for mixing drinks. He taught the art to Davy King (father-in-law of our worthy Niblo), who kept a porter-house in Sloat Lane."

Of a fine afternoon President Washington was often seen, with the rest of the upper classes, taking his walk upon the Battery, his tall commanding form, the secretaries walking a little back of him, everywhere recognized by people who stood silently aside, as if to give passage to a king. For, despite his efforts towards republican simplicity, Washington's Old World ideas of ceremonial fitted him like a glove. He could no more brook familiarity than could his associates presume to offer it.

Other walks were in the sequestered region now between Astor Place and Ninth street.

In those days [writes a correspondent of the "New Mirror," styling himself "The Last of the White Cravats"] a young buck put on his spencer, hat, and gloves, and, stick in hand, set out from Bowling Green after dinner, for a walk as far as old Captain Randall's octagon country-seat, perched on a high hill, with nothing else in view (now Broadway and Eighth street), reaching home about the time the muffin-man took his basket off his shoulders, and rang his bell for tea.

This was the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the account of "a party at the Misses Whites," those "ladies so gay, so fashionable, with such elegant figures, who lived in a yellow two-story house next door but one to William street." At this party, whither he was accompanied by "Sir William Temple and Harry Remsen," White Cravat describes his own attire:

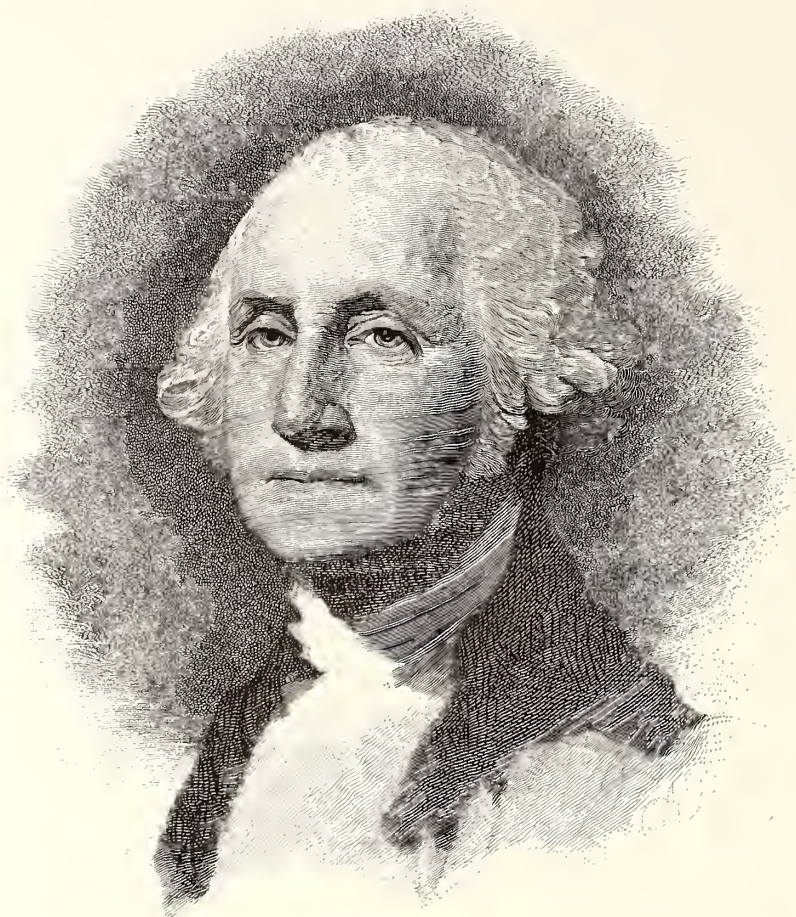
A light-blue French coat, high collar, large gilt buttons, double-breasted Marseilles vest, nankin colored cassimere breeches, shining pumps, large ruffles, a ponderous white cravat with a "pudding" in it — and I was considered the best-dressed gentleman in the room. I remember to have walked a minuet with much grace with my friend Mrs. Verplanck, who was dressed in hoop and petticoats; and, singularly enough, I caught cold that night from drinking hot port-wine negus and riding home in a sedan-chair with one of the glasses broken.

In the neighborhood of old Fort George, and on Pearl street, were clustered a number of the aristocratic families who before the Revolution had been accustomed to give the *pas* in fashion, such as the De Lanceys, Livingstons, Morrisises, Bayards, De Peysters, Crugers; but for some years Wall street, where abode Winthrops, Whites, Ludlows, Verplancks, and Marstons, had been running an even race with Pearl, getting ahead in the end, and holding precedence till Park Place claimed the laurels. Cortlandt street gained luster from the residence there of Sir John Temple, Colonel and Lady Kitty Duer, Major Fairlie, and Colonel and Mrs. Crawford, once Mrs. Robert Livingston. In Wall street was to be found the very desirable boarding-house of Mrs. Daubenay, or Dabney, the great resort of Southern members of Congress. Broadway had been a pleasant bowery street until the great fire of 1776 swept through it, leaving desolation in its wake. Where the darkling walls of the Tombs prison now frown back at beholders was the beautiful freshwater pond known as "The Collect," upon whose crystal sheet early generations of New Yorkers fished in summer and skated in winter. This pond, lying at the foot of a hill a hundred feet in height, was reputed bewitched and bottomless, and credited with conveying bodies cast into it to fathomless recesses known to eerie monsters of the deep. Here, when it was locked in ice, there was no holding back to see the populace amuse themselves, but highest fashion led the way on runners. William IV., then a princeling on his travels, learned to skate on The Collect, under the guidance of the "mons'ous fine women" whose daughters were the "buds" a few years later on. In common with many another shattered myth, alas! Yankee progress has demolished belief in the sorcery of The Collect, by digging canals and laying bare its depths. Thanks to the perfect drainage of the spot, there is now said to be no abode in all New York so desirable for a health resort as our present city prison!

Few are the landmarks of Washington's New York to greet our eyes to-day, but his memory abides here as a thing of yesterday.

Constance Cary Harrison.





GEORGE WASHINGTON. (FROM THE ATHENÆUM PICTURE BY GILBERT STUART.)

ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.



HIS may appear to many a trite subject to discuss at this comparatively late day, and it is a trite subject; but it is hoped that the manner of its presentation at this time will take it out of that category.

In some respects there may be no new and important facts presented, but many so-called facts, and misleading facts too, will be omitted. Tuckerman was the first to write upon the theme in a comprehensive manner, but his monograph is more from the artist's standpoint than from the historian's. Mr. W. S. Baker touched upon the subject in his work on the engraved portraits so far only as was necessary for the elucidation of his title theme. Miss Elizabeth Bryant Johnston issued a superb quarto volume in 1882 with the same title

as this article, but it was so crude and ill digested and filled with errors that its value is *nihil*. The most recent contribution to the general subject is in the latest published volume of Mr. Justin Winsor's "Critical History of America"; but the editor who prepared the notes placed too much reliance upon Miss Johnston's statements to make his notes much better than her volume. It will be the aim in the present article to sift facts from fancies and to give, as fully as can be in the limited space allotted, a comprehensive study of the subject.

It would seem as though it should not be necessary to define what is meant by an original portrait; yet so much confusion exists in the writings of others upon this subject from not clearly comprehending at the start the meaning of the term that it may be better to begin by its definition. An original portrait is one painted

from life, where the artist and the sitter have been opposite to each other and the result is a complete picture. A replica is a copy of the original picture by the same artist who painted the original; and it is often very difficult, nay, sometimes impossible, to determine which is the original and which the replica. To the practiced critical eye there is usually a freedom about an original not found in the replica, and which in turn assumes rigidity in the mere copy by another hand. In the present paper it will be the endeavor to treat of only the authenticated original portraits of Washington, and these, so far as satisfactorily ascertained, are, in their chronological order, by Charles Willson Peale, Pierre Eugene du Simitière, William Dunlap, Joseph Wright, Robert Edge Pine, Jean Antoine Houdon, James Peale, John Ramage, Madame de Bréhan, Christian Gölager, Edward Savage, John Trumbull, Archibald Robertson, Giuseppe Ceracchi, Williams, Walter Robertson, Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, Gilbert Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, James Sharpless, and Charles Balthazar Julien Févre de Saint-Memin.

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

To this artist belongs the distinction of having painted the first and earliest portrait of Washington that we know. It is the not unfamiliar portrait in the costume of a Virginia militiaman, and was painted at Mount Vernon in 1772, when the subject had just turned his fortieth year. It is a three-quarter length, facing left, and the costume is a blue coat, faced with red, with bright metal buttons having the number of the regiment (22d) cast upon them, and dark red waistcoat and breeches. He wears the cocked hat usually called the Wolfe hat, with sash and gorget, this last article now the property of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The face is smooth and unusually young for forty years of age. The picture is now in Virginia, the property of a member of the Lee family. During the artist's sojourn by the banks of the Potomac, while he was painting this large canvas, he painted a miniature of Washington for Mrs. Washington, which differs considerably from the larger picture. After this Peale painted Washington from life on several occasions; indeed, it is claimed that Washington sat to him fourteen different times. In the summer of 1776 he painted a half-length for John Hancock, which it is believed that patriot subsequently presented to the Count d'Estaing, and is now probably in France. In the fall of 1777 Peale again painted a miniature for Mrs. Washington, and in the spring of 1778, at Valley Forge, he began another portrait of Washington from life, this time a full-length,

which was continued at New Brunswick a day or two after the battle of Monmouth, in which the artist had participated, and was finished in Philadelphia. This picture was ordered by Congress, but no appropriation being made to pay for it, it remained in the artist's hands, and is, we believe, the one purchased at the sale of the Peale Museum effects by Mr. H. Pratt McKean of Philadelphia, in whose possession it now is. Of this full-length Peale made several copies, each with more or less variation as to detail. In 1779 Washington sat to Peale for a portrait for the State of Pennsylvania, which the artist subsequently engraved in mezzotinto.¹ The original portrait was destroyed by some vandals who broke into the State House, Philadelphia, where it hung, and irretrievably defaced it.

During the sittings of the convention to frame a Constitution for the United States Washington records in his diary three sittings to Peale, "who wanted my picture to make a print or mezzotinto by." Where this original now is we do not know, but the engraving was made and published the same year, and is a very interesting study. In 1795 Peale painted his last portrait of Washington from life, now preserved in the Bryan Collection at the New York Historical Society. On the occasion of this sitting Peale's sons Rembrandt and Raphael and his brother James each made studies of the *pater patriæ*. It will be seen from this rapid survey of the work of this one artist what an interesting iconography we have from the easel of one man; and although Peale's delineations of Washington's features do not give us the ideal or traditional portrait, yet his known fidelity as a draughtsman commands respect and recognition for his work.

DU SIMITIÈRE.

THIS gentleman was a native of Switzerland, but early in 1776 adopted Philadelphia as his home, where he made that unique and very remarkable collection of Revolutionary and ante-Revolutionary broadsides and manuscripts now belonging to the old library company and so well known to historical students. He was endowed with considerable artistic talent, and a series of thirteen profile portraits of illustrious Americans from his "Drawings from Life" was published in London in May, 1783. Among them was a characteristic head of Washington, preserved only through the engraving. This was most probably drawn in the winter of 1778-79, Washington having passed the greater portion of that season in Philadelphia;

¹ This print is exceedingly scarce. An inferior impression is fortunately preserved, however, in the Huntington Collection at the Metropolitan Museum.

but whether in color or crayon, with pencil or paint, is unknown, as no original can now be traced.

DUNLAP.

THE well-known author of the "History of the Arts of Design in the United States" when a mere lad of seventeen secured from Washington and Mrs. Washington each a sitting when the headquarters were at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, New Jersey. This was in the autumn of 1783, and the result was a crude pastel picture of no artistic or delineative value, which a score of years ago was owned by Dr. Samuel C. Ellis of New York.

WRIGHT.

AMONG the most interesting of the generally unfamiliar portraits of Washington are those by Joseph Wright, oftentimes improperly dubbed the Quaker artist, who was a son of Mrs. Patience Wright, celebrated in her day as a successful modeler of profile likenesses in wax. Wright, when about sixteen, accompanied his mother to London, where he was instructed in art by West and Hoppner, and after remaining ten years returned, late in 1782, to this country, bringing a letter to Washington from Franklin. Wright presented himself to Washington at the Rocky Hill headquarters contemporaneously with Dunlap, and here he painted his first portrait of the Commander-in-Chief. This is a particularly valuable likeness for the reason that while it is strangely unlike the accepted portraits of Washington it has received from Washington himself most unmistakable signs of approval. Soon after the original study — which is now in Philadelphia — was made Washington ordered two enlarged copies from the artist, one of which he sent to Count de Solms, a distinguished officer in the Prussian service, who solicited it to place in his gallery of military characters, and the other he presented to his friend Mrs. Samuel Powel, — Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Willing of Philadelphia, — and it is now in the custody of her descendants at Newport, Rhode Island.¹

This last is a full half-length in military costume, cut off below the knees, and giving the face in full view. It is signed, "J. Wright, 1784." One marked characteristic of these Wright portraits is the short cut hair. They have not very great artistic merit, but their historical interest is perhaps greater than any other portrait of Washington from having received from him, as already said, the stamp of his approbation. Wright *stole* a later portrait of Washington during the President's attendance upon service

at St. Paul's Chapel, while residing in New York during his presidency. This drawing was in profile, and from it the artist made an etching and had it printed on small cards, which, although probably very plenty at the time, have become exceedingly scarce. There is a profile portrait painted by Wright, evidently from the same head, belonging to the McKean family, Washington, D. C., and Mr. C. W. Bowen has another — a most interesting and important portrait of Washington by Wright; but whether it is an original, as it would inherently indicate, cannot be positively settled.

This last named picture would seem to have given to Savage the pose and accessories for his familiar large mezzotinto plate. Wright evidently was in favor with Washington, for he submitted to having made by him a plaster cast of his features, and upon the founding of the United States Mint, Wright was appointed the first designer and die-sinker. He died of yellow fever, when epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793.

PINE.

THIS distinguished English artist came to this country in 1783–84, for the purpose of painting portraits of eminent men of the Revolution with a view of representing in several large paintings the principal events of the war. In 1795 he painted Washington at Mount Vernon, which original picture is now in the National Museum at Philadelphia; a replica belonged to the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is a weak and unsatisfactory portrait, while good as a work of art.

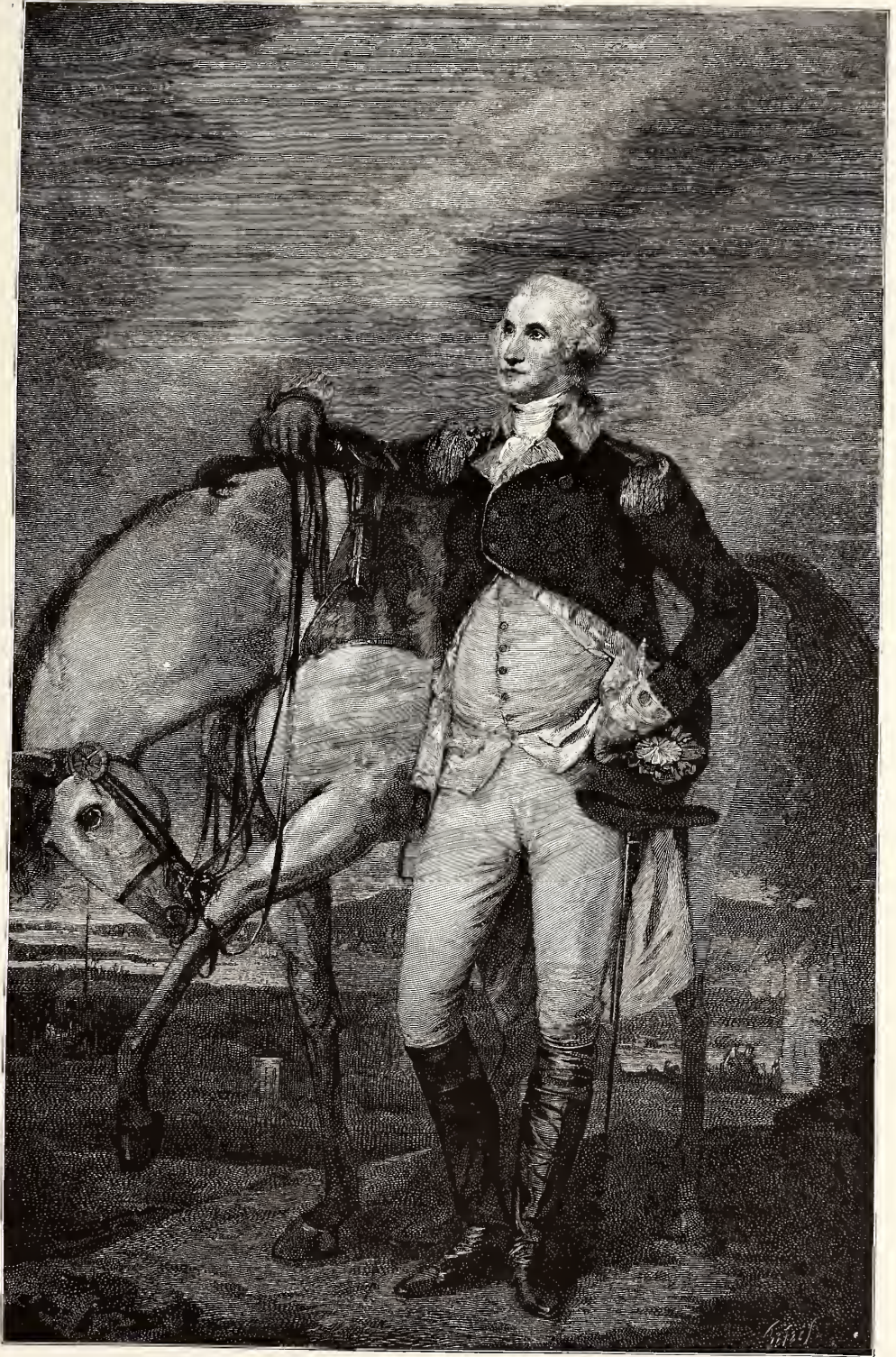
HOUDON.

THIS great French sculptor, who shared with his English contemporary Nollekens the reputation of being the best portrait sculptors of modern times, came to America in 1785 expressly for the purpose of modeling Washington. He remained two weeks at Mount Vernon, during which time he made a cast of the face, from which a bust was modeled, and took minute measurements of the person of Washington. The result is the typical Washington perfected by the genius of the French sculptor, and it sustains a noble ideal. The statue is in Richmond, Va.

JAMES PEALE.

THIS gentleman was a younger brother of Charles Willson Peale and had great merit as a miniature painter. In 1788 he made his first portrait of Washington, representing him with flowing hair and a contour not unlike that in Houdon's bust. This miniature belongs to the

¹ Engraved on wood for THE CENTURY, November, 1887.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN TRUMBULL, NOW IN THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.)

artillery company Washington Grays, and is in the keeping of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. In 1795, when his brother was having his last sitting from Washington, he was accorded the opportunity of another study, and the portrait in the Lenox Library, New York, was the result.

RAMAGE.

OCTOBER 3, 1789, Washington in his diary records: "Sat for Mr. Ramage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington." This artist was an Irishman, and the principal miniature painter in New York from 1777 until his death, which occurred soon after he painted the miniature of Washington. All trace of this interesting portrait is unfortunately lost.

MADAME DE BRÉHAN.

THIS lady, who was a sister to the French minister, was an amateur of no mean ability. She painted on copper, in blue and white, a profile of Washington, who mentions it in his diary under the same date as the last extract: "Walked in the afternoon, and sat about 2 o'clock for Madam De Brehan to complete a miniature profile which she had begun from memory and which she had made exceedingly like the original." The head was laureated, and Washington was so delighted with it that he distributed prints from it among his friends.

GÜLAGER.

THIS man was a Dane and very little of the artist, as exhibited in his portrait of Washington. It was painted from life at Portsmouth, N. H., on November 3, 1789, and now belongs to a lady in Rhode Island.

SAVAGE.

ORIGINALLY a goldsmith, Savage soon turned his attention to painting and engraving, and became an admirable mezzotinto and stipple engraver. In 1789-90 Washington sat to him for a portrait for Harvard University, where it now hangs in Memorial Hall. Savage's portrait is nearer Houdon's bust than any other portrait of Washington and has intrinsic evidence of being a good likeness; especially is this the case with the large mezzotinto plate previously mentioned.

TRUMBULL.

NEXT to Peale, Washington accorded Trumbull the greatest and most frequent facilities to study his features and form. This self-sacrifice on the part of Washington to these two men was doubtless owing to the military relation that had existed for so long between them, and there-

fore it is that the *military* portrait of Washington is Trumbull's. In 1790 was painted the whole-length portrait of Washington in full uniform standing by a white horse, for the city of New York, and now in the City Hall—an engraving of it appears on the previous page. Two years later was painted the full-length portrait now in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale University, and which the artist considered the best of the portraits of Washington that he painted. The following year the bust portrait in civil dress, in the Trumbull Gallery, and the military picture for Charleston, S. C., were painted from sittings especially given for the purpose. In 1794 Trumbull painted a small cabinet or miniature portrait on panel, now in the National Museum in Washington. It is interesting, but not satisfactory, having too much dash in it for the dignified President.

THE ROBERTSONS.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON is the Scotch artist who carried from David, Earl of Buchan, to Washington the gift of the celebrated box made from the wood of the oak tree which sheltered Sir William Wallace after his defeat at Falkirk. Mr. Robertson arrived in New York in December, 1791, and Washington sat to him on the 13th for a miniature, from which a large picture was painted for the Earl of Buchan.

Walter Robertson was an Irishman and no relative, it is thought, to the preceding. He came to this country with Stuart in 1793, and the next year painted a miniature of Washington, which, from the engraving of it, could have borne little or no resemblance to the subject, notwithstanding the statement of Robert Field, who made a contemporaneous engraving of it, that it "is as good a likeness and as fine a piece of painting as I ever saw." Its dissimilarity to the other portraits, together with the statement of Field, would indicate pretty clearly that it was from life.

CERACCHI.

CERACCHI came to this country with the idea of executing a monument to Liberty, which he designed should be one hundred feet high, have statues of the most prominent heroes of the war, and cost thirty thousand dollars. Towards carrying out his intention he modeled and cut the busts of Washington, Hamilton, Clinton, and others, which, although severe and classical, are fine specimens of the statuary art.

WILLIAMS.

A PAINTER by this name persecuted and persisted until he succeeded in 1794 in obtaining a sitting from Washington for a portrait

now in the possession of Washington Lodge No. 22 of Alexandria, Virginia. It is a miserable picture in every respect.

WERTMÜLLER.

THIS artist was a Swede and a painter of considered merit. He painted Washington in Philadelphia in 1795, of which portrait he made several replicas; but which one is the original it is not possible to state with any certainty.

STUART.

THE household Washington of the world is Stuart's Washington. Why it is so, it is indeed difficult at this day to say, for it admittedly lacks the strength of this artist's best work and fails as a true portraiture to satisfy the student of Washington's character. It is essentially an ideal head, and Stuart became so imbued with his ideal Washington that there are several portraits of prominent men painted by him at this period that are strongly tinged with similar characteristics. Stuart painted Washington from life three times. Of these three portraits there are sixty-one known replicas, and they have been engraved more than two hundred times. The first, and by all question the most satisfactory Stuart's Washington, was painted in Philadelphia in 1795. It presents the right side of the face. Soon after it was painted it was taken to England and became the property of Mr. Samuel Vaughan, from which circumstance it is known as the Vaughan Washington. It now belongs to Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia. The second portrait was painted in 1796, and is the full-length known as the Lansdowne portrait. Whether the Lansdowne picture or the one belonging to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is the original is a mooted question, with the odds against the Lansdowne picture. The third and last portrait of Washington painted by Stuart from life is the famous Athenæum head, so well known that our space will not admit of further criticism or comment. It is from this head that Stuart painted most of his replicas.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

As already mentioned, when Washington gave his last sitting to the elder Peale all the members of the family took advantage of the opportunity to gain sketches. Subsequently

Rembrandt Peale had two other sittings, and the result was a very weak, poor picture, closely resembling his father's last portrait. The well-known Rembrandt Peale portrait of Washington is a composite picture, and not an original from life.

SHARPLESS.

SHARPLESS was a crayon draughtsman who came to this country in 1794 and made profile portraits in pastel of many prominent men. In 1796, being in Philadelphia, Washington sat to him, and Sharpless's portrait of Washington is the best-known profile likeness of the subject. The artist made many copies of the original, which he sold for fifteen dollars apiece.

SAINT-MÉMIN.

As Charles Willson Peale was the first to delineate the features of George Washington, so Charles Balthazar Julien Févret de Saint-Mémin was the last, and their works are equally esteemed and valuable. Saint-Mémin was a Frenchman who came to this country to introduce the physiognotrace, an invention of Chrétien by which an accurate profile outline could be obtained and subsequently reduced to any required size by the use of the pantograph. These reduced profiles were etched on copper and finished with the graver. In November, 1798, when Washington was in Philadelphia organizing the army for the threatened war with France, Saint-Mémin secured a sitting, and the profile then made is the last portrait from life of the Father of his Country. It is very strong and necessarily correct. The original life-size drawing on pink paper in black crayon did belong to the late Mr. Brevoort of Brooklyn.

THUS is brought to a close this bare record of all the known authentic original portraits of Washington. Any one perusing these pages will readily understand how much easier it would have been and how much more entertaining it might have become had space permitted of amplification instead of curtailment; but it will also be recognized that the subject is sufficient for a small volume rather than a contribution to a popular magazine. The epoch, however, that we have now reached could not be allowed to pass without marking it by the preservation of some such register as is here given.

Charles Henry Hart.



A CENTURY OF CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION.



WHEN Major William Jackson, Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, set off to lay the signed copy of the Constitution before the Continental Congress, he bore with him a letter from Washington and a copy of three resolutions passed by the Convention. One of these resolutions set forth the wish that, when nine States had ratified the new plan of government, the Congress should name three days: on one, electors were to be chosen in the ratifying States; on another, the electors were to meet and vote for President and Vice-President; on the third, proceedings were to begin under the Constitution. When therefore on July 2, 1788, the President of the old Congress informed the members present that nine States had ratified, he reminded them also that it thus became their duty to carry out the resolution of the Convention and fix the three required dates. After much delay and much debate the first Wednesdays in January, February, and March, 1789, were chosen.

The first Wednesday in March fell on the 4th of the month, and on that day the Constitution under which we now live became the supreme law of the land. Though the conventions of eleven States had then ratified, but three had done so unanimously. To thousands of well-meaning men in every State the new plan was offensive because it was too costly; because it was to be a government of three branches instead of a government of one; because the power of taxing was vested in Congress; because liberty of the press was not assured; because trial by jury was not provided in civil cases; because there was no provision against a standing army, and none against quartering troops on the people; because religious toleration was not secured; because it began with "We, the people," and not with "We, the States"; because it was not only a confederation, which it ought to be, but a government over individuals, which it ought not to be. In the conventions of eight States the men holding these views made strong efforts to have the Constitution altered to suit their wishes. In Pennsylvania, in Connecticut, in Maryland, the "amendment mongers," as the Federalists called them, failed. But in five conventions they did not fail, and in these the ratifications were voted in the firm belief that the changes asked for would be made. When Washington was inaugurated the amendments offered numbered seventy-seven. But Congress was too

busy laying taxes, establishing courts, and forming departments to give any heed to the fears and dreads of a parcel of countrymen. Nor was it till the legislature of Virginia protested that the House of Representatives found time even to hear the amendments read. The language of the protest was of no uncertain kind.

The members were reminded that the Constitution was very far from being what the people wished. Many and serious objections had been made to it. These objections were not founded on idle theories and vain speculations. They were deduced from principles established by the bitter experience of other nations. The sooner Congress recognized this fact, the sooner it would gain the confidence of the people and the longer the new government would last. The anxiety which the people felt would suffer no delay. Whatever was done must be done at once, and as Congress was too slow to do anything at once, the Virginia legislature asked that a convention be called to propose amendments and send them to the States. For a while it seemed as if the protest from Virginia would share the same fate as the amendments from the States. Is the Constitution, it was asked, to be patched before it is worn? Is it to be mended before it is used? Let it be at least tested. Let us correct, not what we think may be faults, but what time shows really are defects. So general was this feeling that the House would have done nothing had not Madison given notice that he intended in a few weeks to move a series of amendments which would, he hoped, do away with every objection that had been lodged against the Constitution by its most bitter enemies. His amendments were nine in number. Out of them Congress made twelve. The first, which fixed the pay of Congressmen, and the second, which fixed the number of the members of the House of Representatives, were rejected by the States. Ten were ratified, and December 15, 1791, they were declared to be in force.

But the framers of the amendments were doomed to disappointment. Their work did not prove to be enough. And while the States were still considering it, the "mongers" were clamoring as loudly as ever for something more. Congress had begun to exercise its powers. The exercise of its powers had produced heart-burnings and contentions and warm disputes. The question of constitutional right had been often raised, and before the Government was two years old the people were dividing

Washington on Foreign Relations

Dr. Louis A. Warren, director of the Lincoln National Life Foundation, has recently taken *Life* editors to task in the magazine's references to "Washington's admonition to 'avoid entangling alliances.'" That admonition, says a *Life* editorial, has "become a shibboleth for puny minds."

We quote Dr. Warren further as he comments on *Life* statements in *Lincoln Lore*:

"Overlooking for the moment the contemptuous reference to those whose opinions may differ with the editor's interpretation of Washington's foreign policy, may we question the authenticity of the expression 'entangling alliances.' Although it is placed in quotation marks and credited to the father of the country, careful searching reveals no instance where it appears in any of his writings or speeches. The phrase 'entangling alliances' is clearly an interpolation and should not be credited to George Washington although it may reveal how he felt about becoming enmeshed in international partnerships.

"The word 'entangle' was used on one occasion by Washington in a rhetorical question which he submitted and it reveals his mind with reference to the nation's relationship with Europe in his day. Washington enquired:

"Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?"

"Washington further supports this viewpoint with this frank and sensible argument.

"Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us, to implicate ourselves, by

artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships and enmities."

"Not only towards Europe but with respect to foreign influence in general our first President had this to say:

"Against the insidious wiles of *foreign influence*, (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens,) the jealousy of a free people ought to be *contantly* awake; since history and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government."

"The word 'entanglements,' referring back to its spurious use, is again employed in the same paragraph by the editor of *Life* magazine in this manner: 'The entanglements he (Washington) distrusted were entanglements of the moment.' It would be difficult to square this assertion with the following principle advocated by the first President of the United States who said:

"The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our COMMERCIAL relations, to have with them as little POLITICAL connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop."

"Just the reverse of the editor's conclusions about momentary entanglements is here set forth, as Washington felt that they should 'be fulfilled with perfect good faith,' but with reference to subsequent entanglements Washington abruptly warns, 'Here let us stop.' This emphasis clearly sets forth the fact that Washington did 'distrust' something more than 'entanglements of the moment' as this further course of procedure sets forth:

"It is our policy, to steer clear of Permanent Alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements."

Charles Wall, 91, Long Director Of George Washington's Home

By ROBERT McG. THOMAS Jr.

Charles Cecil Wall, who supervised the preservation of George Washington's Virginia home at Mount Vernon for nearly four decades, died on Monday at a nursing home in Greenwich, Conn. He was 91.

In his 39 years as resident director of Mount Vernon, Mr. Wall, who began his tenure in 1937, took both halves of his job description seriously. For all his administrative duties overseeing a staff of 85, he also saw it as his task to live the 18th-century life of George Washington, within 20th-century limits.

"He lived and loved George Washington so much he almost became a reincarnation," Mr. Wall's granddaughter Elizabeth McKean said yesterday.

Like Washington, Mr. Wall, who lived in a house on the mansion's grounds and was a grand master of Washington's Masonic Lodge in Alexandria, Va., rode horseback over the 500-acre estate (considerably reduced from Washington's 8,000 acres).

He kept a boat to inspect the Potomac frontage. He planted the kind of flowers Washington had planted. And when Washington's original greenhouse buildings were re-created with fireproof materials that al-

lowed use of their fireplaces, he kept the fires lit in the fall and the winter just to exult in the authentic aroma of wood smoke drifting over the hilltop.

Mr. Wall supervised considerable restoration at Mount Vernon, which has been owned by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association since 1958. His crowning achievement was leading the campaign that resulted in 1974 in Federal legislation creating a park on the Maryland side of the Potomac to preserve the view from the famous Mount Vernon portico.

A native of Curwensville, Pa., who graduated from the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Wall had no interest in Washington until 1929, when, chafing at big-city life, he abandoned a business career in New York City to succeed a cousin who had drowned while serving as an assistant superintendent at Mount Vernon.

Over the next 47 years, he became an encyclopedia of Washington lore. As a self-taught historian, Mr. Wall, who wrote a 1980 biography, "George Washington: Citizen Soldier," became so zealous an authority on his idol that he allowed no historical aspersion to pass.

For example, when the humorist Marvin Kitman, in the book "George



United Press International, 1973

Charles C. Wall

Washington's Expense Account," described the phaeton that Washington had bought at Government expense to take him to war as "a deluxe carriage," Mr. Wall was not amused. He wrote a letter to The New York Times pointing out that the cost of the "commonplace" phaeton had been about one-eighth that of Washington's personal carriage.

In addition to his granddaughter, Ms. McKean, Mr. Wall is survived by a daughter, Mary Jane McKean of Chappaqua, N.Y.; a brother, Arthur of Burlingame, Calif.; three other grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

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OUR PAST

Washington's 1789 speech found in London

LONDON (AP) — A London auction house said it has recovered two handwritten pages of the 1789 inaugural speech that George Washington never gave.

The excerpt — a rambling, florid discourse covering both sides of a single sheet of paper — was found in an album stashed under a sofa at a house in Aldeburgh, 85 miles northeast of London, Phillips Auctioneers said.

Auction company assessor Simon Roberts said a gardener showing him around the house pointed out the album.

"When I saw the piece by Washington in his own hand, I knew I had found something important," Roberts said.

The auction company said it authenticated the writing as Washington's and the pages as part of the 64-page draft for his April 30, 1789 inauguration.

The auctioneers expect the pages to go for at least \$200,000 at a June 13 sale in London.

"We would be most interested in this document, provided we are satisfied it is genuine," James Hutson, keeper of manuscripts at the U.S. Library of Congress, was quoted as saying in today's Times of London.

Washington put aside the long speech, and

delivered one that ran only 11 pages.

If authentic, the sheet found under the sofa suggests he made the right choice.

Part of the excerpt upholds Americans' then-untested ability to govern their new country after shaking off King George III, and stands firm against any future foreign rule — in one single, breath-draining sentence.

While previously known pages from the draft speech address constitutional matters, the sheet found at Aldeburgh "seems to represent something of an oratorical climax," noted Felix Pryor, the auction house's book specialist.

Thirteen other sheets of the draft speech have been found since Washington rejected it, the Times quoted Hutson. None has made it to the Library of Congress.

Pryor said Washington's heirs gave this sheet to Jared Sparks, later to become president of Harvard College.

When geologist Sir Charles Lyell and his wife Mary visited the United States in 1841, Sparks gave her the excerpt as a souvenir, he said.

The death of a descendant of Lyell brought the auction company employee to the house, the auction house said.

"But until the people of America shall have lost all virtue — until they shall have become totally insensible to the difference between freedom and slavery; until they shall have been reduced to such poverty of spirit as to be willing to sell that preeminent blessing, the birthright of a Freeman, for a mess of pottage; in short, until they shall have been found incapable of governing themselves and ripe for a Master — those consequences, I think, can never arrive."

— Excerpt from handwritten inaugural speech by George Washington

